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1925

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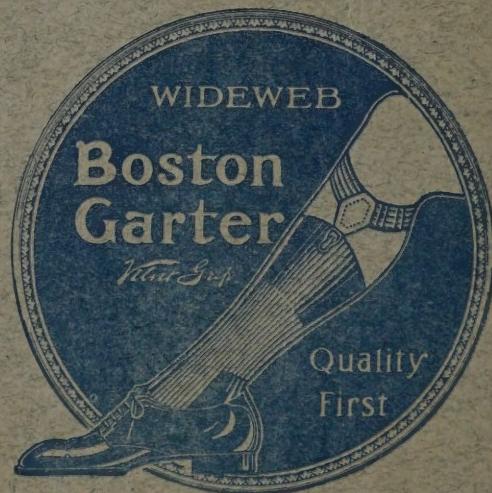
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The Advocate

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MENTION THE ADVOCATE



MISS MAY SPRINGFIELD

The Advocate Board respectfully dedicates this issue of The Advocate to Miss May Springfield, a member of the faculty and an ardent supporter of school activities.

Editorials

Student Participation in School Activities

By W. J. GAUGHAN, '25

Fellow Students, as you know there are many school activities during the year. Some are formal, some are informal. Whether they are the one or the other makes no difference; they all need the support of the students. The athletic spirit is especially degenerated by lack of participation on the part of the students and this absence is often noticed by people outside the school itself.

Every student should take a part in some athletic or social activity during the school year. Failure to do so often lessens the school spirit and reputation. Second, participation by the students brings, in many cases, a much needed financial aid. This is most essential because many attempts to carry on social activities are discouraged by the lack of this factor. There seems to be a greater trend of co-operation and a much better attitude throughout the entire school when students in general participate in the extra curricular activities.

Needham High

By M. MORRISON, '25

Farewell to thee, edifice of red and white, who has sheltered us in the last year of our association with you under the name of Needham High! Fast do our hearts beat when we pass you by, but still faster will they beat when we open our own ways and look back years later, to think of the many friends we have missed. So to you, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen not of 1925 but, Seniors of future years, we express our hopes and cheers. May you honor Needham High as has the class of 1925. Cheer, sing, and praise her without ceasing.

Practical Use of the Hockey Rink

By R. SEAVER, '26

We were looking at our new hockey rink the other day and we thought it rather pathetic that this beautiful expanse of mud must lie idle during the greater part of the year. In fact we got quite visionary over its dejected appearance. We saw, as we stood there, a crowd of men and boys come armed with shovels and picks. They fell to work immediately and in a very short time had removed two feet of earth. As they straightened up to ease their tired and aching backs, fifteen carts drove up with loads of crushed stone and dumped it into the waiting excavation, then as many more of gravel, and over all was spread three inches of finest clay. The men and boys now appeared with rolls of wire and stout posts. These they placed about the rapidly changing rink in the form of a high fence. Next, gleaming white tapes were put in place and an equally gleaming and white net was placed in the centre — and before my visionary eyes N. H. S. had a tennis court.

The Typist

By PHYLLIS ROBINSON, '25

The world into which we launch forth after our school career represents nothing more than a huge typewriter, the keys of which stand for the thousands of occupations, questions, etc., in which the coming generation will have to take part. Our future is determined by which of these keys we strike, and our decision should be made only after much careful thought and planning. We cannot afford to forfeit the lives and happiness of ourselves and those around us because of our failure in making a wise choice.

The money side of the question should

not determine the key we strike, but rather our ability to do a certain kind of work, the good we may be able to do for our country, the love and happiness we bestow upon those around us, and the recognition that God is supreme.

Do You Waste Time?

By C. GROVES, '26

Do you waste hours? Do you spend study period after study period doing nothing — or worse still, making a good deal of noise so that others can not study either? If you are one of these persons, you probably cram

for exams, and stay up late the night before a test.

Have you ever counted the hours you waste? Average the amount of time you waste a week. Why not use this time to advantage? Just because you have done the next day's home work is no reason why you should waste a period. Study something that you do not know very well. Unless you are much brighter than most of us, there will always be something you can study to advantage. Then, when an examination is given, you will know more about the subjects than you would have under other conditions.

Let us not waste any more time!

Editorials in Poetry

Hopeful Happiness

By JOHN D. GREENE, '25

I can trip o'er the bramblewood thickets
And sink to my knees in the mud,
Yet rejoice at the crick of the crickets
And beam o'er their ecstasy's flood.

I can plod 'mongst the glad cat-o'-nine tails,
Perchance swim through the lilies and grass.
Fly a spell over hassocks and blue vales,
Casting smiles at the birds as I pass.

I can land on a lone promontory
With my shelter the shade of an ash,
And list to the ever glad story
Of the shore which the rippling waves lash.

I can find myself welcome here ever,
With the juniper bush for my couch;
Make friendships which no man can sever
With true friends for whom I can vouch.

There's an art of which nature is master;
Which she teaches to all who will learn.
She repulses the dull alabaster,
Caressing the sweet-smelling fern.

She dreams thoughts of infinite beauty
And gives them a place in her life.
'Tis ideals that show men their duty,
And dreams that relieve them of strife.

Laughter

ESTHER RIDEOUT, '25

I've heard it gurgle like a rill
That's just escaped from frost bound hill;
And that's when a baby is laughing aloud
As he stretches his arms toward a soft, fleecy cloud.
I hope that I may have laughed like that.

I've heard it flung out shrill and weird,
A piercing sound that almost seared
My ears with its mocking — a laugh to conceal
With bravado the agonies bruised souls may feel.
God grant I may never laugh like that!

But then I've heard it ringing true
And sweet as music — that was you
With courage and faith shining through every tone
And your challenge to life in its echo alone.
God help me learn to laugh like that.

Amicitia (Friendship)

By RITA CAHILL, '25

There's nothing so dear,
There's nothing so near
As what I have hidden to keep alway;
It's not gold treasure,
It's not gay pleasure,
It's the friendship I've formed from day to day,

Literature

Jimmy and Dancing School

(A story of distinction in *Traveler* Contest)

By DOROTHY M. COOKSON, '26

"Ah, Ma! exclaimed Jimmy, "I don't wanna go to dancin' school, they're only for girls and sissys."

"Now do be a good boy, Jimmy, and get ready for the dancing class. I know you'll like it once you get started," persuasively remarked his mother. "All the nice little boys are going, and Helen is, too."

At that moment Helen, Jimmy's sister, burst joyfully into the room.

"Oh, Mother, it's going to be lovely. I'm all ready; are you Jimmy?" And she turned inquiring eyes on her brother.

"No, I ain't goin' to go to that darn old class," exclaimed Jimmy with vehemency.

"Jimmy, you just be careful of the way you speak to your sister, and come right here. You haven't your hair parted evenly," commanded Mrs. Hilton.

"Ah, gee! I don't see why you women can't leave us boys alone. We get picked on all the time," remarked Jimmy savagely, as his mother attempted to put the finishing touches on his person.

After tying his shoe, washing his neck, and sewing a button on his coat, Mrs. Hilton looked the children over with the eyes of an expert.

"Well, I guess you children are all right now. Helen is going to walk up with Betty Linn, and as you don't care for her Jimmy, you can go along by yourself." With this

final remark she kissed Helen and would have repeated the process on Jimmy had he not dodged.

After leaving Helen, Jimmy trudged on, gloomily thinking of better days to come. Upon reaching the corner he met "Red" Turner, a freckled-faced chap with glowing red hair. He looked very comfortably dirty.

"Hello, there, Red, old top, where you goin'?" inquired the inquisitive Jimmy.

"Me, why I'm goin' swimmin', of course. Where do I always go on Saturday? Where you're goin' yourself?" was Red's clever answer.

Ignoring the latter's question, Jimmy also inquired: "Who you're goin' with?"

"Well, you see," began Red, "first I meet Tom Snow at Sullivan's old green barn. Then we pick up "Hen" Rogers and "Peck" Jones at the twin oaks at Marley's Pond. Why don't you come with the gang? But say where were you goin'?"

"Oh, just for a walk," returned Jimmy.

"A walk in your best clothes and on Saturday?" exclaimed the horrified Red. "Well, I never! Got to be movin'. Ain't you're comin'?"

"Sure, might's well," idly remarked Jimmy. "I've got nothin' special to do."

They soon joined the other jolly scouts and hearty greetings followed.

"But you fellows, what did you bring for

the grand gathering?" asked Peck addressing the gang.

"Well, for myself, I brought the worms for the fishin' lines, and the lines themselves," answered Hen. "Ain't that what you told me to bring?"

"Yes, you're right," promptly answered Red, who evidently was the leader. "And I brought the pipes. Now you, Peck?"

"Oh, guess I did my share. I hid the jar of cider behind the oaks," quickly replied Peck.

"And you, Jimmy?" Then Red turned questioningly to the person addressed.

"Oh, I got fifty cents about me," replied Jimmy, cheerfully giving up his fee meant for dancing class. "We can get a plug of tobacco and some life-savers."

"That's all right, but if you kids had only told me I could have got some. Pa had a corker plug in his pocket last night," Red casually remarked.

Then the gang proceeded up an old worn path in the woods until they came to an open spot by the river, which, nevertheless, was rather seclusive. Here they spent a more than pleasant afternoon. Swimming, smoking and drinking the cider were indeed very enjoyable sports to these lads. They sprawled comfortably on the ground and gave no thought to appearance. Cheerful remarks flew about and wild gales of laughter followed. But like everything else in this life of ours, the afternoon had to end. Just about the time dancing school let out, they threw away all relics of their gay afternoon and continued their course together until they came to the corner where Jimmy had first encountered Red. The former parted from the group and, whistling cheerfully, proceeded down the street.

Before entering the door of his home he surveyed his appearance quickly and fixed his tie and other little things which needed attention, but even so he had quite a dilapidated aspect. This was probably the cause of his first remark to his mother.

"Hello, Ma. Well I guess I better change my clothes, ain't I?"

Jimmy seemed so cheerful that Mrs. Hilton thought she had prophesied correctly. Jimmy must have enjoyed dancing school or he wouldn't be so cheerful.

"Yes, dear, run along, I must hurry with the biscuits because your father will be here shortly. Helen is home. She said she didn't see you, but I suppose there was quite a few there." Saying this the lady of the house dashed into the pantry to prepare the food.

A half hour had passed when Mr. Hilton made his appearance. He was a man of medium height and rather stoutly built, with a cheery countenance.

"Hello there, mother, how's everything?" he inquired pleasantly. He looked about the room and as his glance fell on Jimmy, he looked surprised and exclaimed, "Why Jimmy, it's nice to see you up. Do you feel any better?"

"Why, he's all right, Dad. Have you heard anything?" questioned Jimmy's mother.

"Oh, I met little Bertha Hathaway as I was coming home and she said she guessed you must be sick as you wasn't at dancing school," "Dad" Hilton explained.

Jimmy's anger was almost uncontrollable, his eyes flashed and his breath came fast.

"Dam girls anyway!" he exclaimed violently, as he followed his father out to the wood-shed.

Spring

By FLORENCE W. RICE, '25

Spring's on the meadow,
Spring's in the rainbow

Spring's in the air, and Spring's in my heart,
And every wee flower
Enclosing my bower
Makes Spring more vivid in doing its part.

A Song — To a Cloud

By R. STUDLEY, '25

Beautiful cloud,
So white, so proud,
Swimming in the pure quiet air;
Thy shadows move slow
O'er the vales below
O cloud with folds so soft and fair.

A Fantasy

By IRVINE E. ROSS, JR., '26

It had always been my ambition to climb an especially large tree in my back yard. I could look up it and hardly see the top. One day, feeling unusually adventurous, I decided I would climb it. So, taking plenty of good strong spikes, a hammer, and much courage, I started the ascent. The spikes I used as steps and slowly started climbing. I went up until I had no more spikes and then descended to get more. I paused at the foot of the tree as I looked once more at the place where I supposed the top must be. I realized that soon my greatest desires would be fulfilled. I climbed up again and by using the new supply of spikes, I reached the place in the tree where it was small enough for me to get my arms around it. I drove the last spike into the tree and hung the hammer on it. I then started "shining." With the aid of a few branches, I reached a position where I could see the top of the tree. I dared not look down for fear that I should become dizzy and fall. With renewed vigor I began to climb again. A little above me were two branches where I could sit down and rest. I reached them and sat down, panting. Just as I got comfortable, I heard a crack and felt myself falling. I did not review my past, I was more interested in the present. Strangely enough I could see the earth coming nearer. Oh! Wasn't I falling fast! I reached where I thought the earth must be, but instead of stopping quickly, and feeling pain all over me as I had supposed I would, everything went black for a moment and then I landed on a soft pile of hay. I was about buried in it but I soon dug myself out and was surprised not to be dead. I looked around. Perhaps I was dead. What a queer place I was in. It was a large room shaped like a cylinder. In the center of the room, running from ceiling to floor, was a little pipe about two inches in diameter. Across the room

there were many piles of hay. A man there was feeding the hay into large furnaces. I jumped up and ran over to him. "Where am I?" I asked him.

"You are at the center of the earth," he replied. "Would you like to look around?"

I was overjoyed, because I had always supposed that at the center of the earth I would see little red beings with horns and pointed tails shoveling coal into lakes of fire and brimstone.

He threw two more armfuls of hay on the fire and then turned to me. "Well, Charles," he said, calling me by name, "let's begin in this room. This pipe going through the middle of the room is the axis of the earth. Don't touch it or something might happen. I suppose you wonder why we don't burn coal. We do in another room but not here. The dense smoke from these hay furnaces goes through a long pipe and emerges into the sky from Mt. Vesuvius. That is where all the clouds come from." Near the axis was a hole in the floor. We went to this and found some stairs which we descended. Here was another room just like the first. Instead of hay piles there were coal piles in this room. On one side of the room was a big board with a lot of dials and knobs all over it. Near each of the furnaces, of which there were three, was a hole. My guide went to the first furnace.

"We must always keep these furnaces going. They transfer heat and light to the sun. If they went out, the earth would freeze and become dark. These," pointing to the holes, "are where we dump the ashes. You may see that each have a name: Vesuvius, Aetna, and Popocatepetl. That means when we dump the red-hot ashes in these holes they come out of these various mountains in the shape of volcanoes. Sometimes, when we are carrying the ashes from the furnace, we drop them because they are so heavy, and this causes an earthquake."

"What are those dials?" I asked.

"Those control everything in the earth. You look at them." One was marked Rain, another Snow, another Frost, and others North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, and West Wind. Hail was another. To the left of these were some more marked Cyclone, and Typhoon. Above all was a large map of the world. He explained that these instruments controlled the weather. He pointed to the knob marked Rain.

"This, when turned on, will cause rain. To determine the place it will rain I stick this dagger into the map at the point I wish. If I want hail I turn that dial. I think I will give China a typhoon now."

He took a ladder and climbed to the place marked China on the map and stuck his dagger in the ocean near there. Then he told me to turn the Typhoon Knob. I did. All I heard was a whirring sound. He told me to shut it off in five minutes. I was completely absorbed by all this wonderful knowledge I was gaining. The man took me into another room. Here was a huge thermometer. Each degree equaled one foot. In the middle, where the mercury would ordinarily be, was a little car. It had pointers on each side. He explained it to me.

"When we want it to be hot on the earth, we put this pointer at ninety-six, ninety-four, or any other degree we want. We have a calendar on the table which we

follow to get the seasons right. I am setting it at eighty-nine now."

"It is getting late. I must be getting home."

"Before you go you must see the speed levers." I was taken into still another room where there were all sorts of levers. There were a few labeled Earth, one Saturn, one Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, and there was one for all of the large planets. These controlled the speed of each one and made it go fast or slow.

"In summer," said the guide, "we make the earth go slow in the daytime, and fast at night. That is what makes the days so long. In winter it is just the opposite. Fast in the day and slow at night." He took me back to the room in which I had landed, and showed me an elevator behind one of the furnaces. I was told to get in it. I did so, the man pressed a button, and I shot up. All was dark for a moment and then it began to get light again. The elevator stopped and I opened the door to find that I was in my own back yard. I did not tell a soul where I had been. A few nights later the paper came out with

MT. VESUVIUS ERUPTS AGAIN
TYPHOON OFF COAST OF CHINA
HOT WAVE HERE
Temperature, 89

and I remembered how I gave China the typhoon.

Noises

By JAMES W. ADAMS, '25

The dull hammering din of the blacksmith's anvil,
The red, thirsty roar of the forge's dull flame,
And the spray-splashing falls by the old red mill
The creaking and turning is ever the same:
The all impotent hum of a factory's wheels,
The dull crushing whir of a blade cutting wood,
A sputtering put of a trim motor boat,
And the rending and bumps as it strikes the float,
And the screeching of brake shoes as in seeming strife,
All form noises—a part of our life.

"Cygnus" the Swan

By KATHRYN BENEDICT, '25

Over all swans he reigns supreme,
A radiant, shining dream —
Stars, shimmering fell in place
Forming a swan-cross of mystic grace.
With wings outspread; neck arched for flight
He poses thus throughout the night.
Sometimes a misty veil clouds his form;
Often hid by the solid black wall of storm;
Yet to me he is ever so
Vigilant, glorious, though
Always — Cygnus the Swan!

"Victory"

By PHYLLIS RICHARDSON, '25

Joseph Conrad, the author of this story, was born in one of the inland countries of Europe. He always had a great love for the sea and the happiest moments of his life were experienced while he was on board some ship. I think it is his love of nature and adventure which makes his stories so peculiarly attractive. His descriptions are without a doubt some of the best that I have ever read. He tells his stories so colorfully that one's attention never wavers.

The setting of this story is in Africa where the conditions of society and the vastness and beauty of the land are depicted very artistically.

There is no intriguing plot. Mr. Conrad seems to arouse one's curiosity more by his use of atmosphere, than by subtle complications.

The theme of the story from a philosophical point of view means much to the reader. It certainly does its best to set one thinking about certain problems of life.

The story is primarily about an Englishman who has migrated to Africa, and disengaged practically all connections with the world. His mind is prospective; his ambition passive.

I recommend this book to any one who appreciates new conditions and circumstances. It is very entertaining if read as a whole. One of the greatest attributes of Conrad's works is his power to make a reader live in his mind the actual experiences of the various characters.

**The Night Moth**

By ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25

Voyager on dusty wing
Flitting through the grey half-light,
Who can name your secret will?
Who can turn your aimless flight?

Once you worshipped at a light
Given forth from flaming hearth;
Now your purpose soars above
The true but homely joys of earth.

Dreams

By EDITH E. BEALE, '25

Hamlet has said "To sleep, perchance to dream, aye, there's the rub," and therein lies a story. How wonderful a person each one of us is in the fairy realm of dreamland, although we may be insignificant High School students in every-day life. After the mysterious nocturnal visit of the Sand Man we step from the practical life to our land of dreams-come-true. We put on our rainbow tinted gowns and dainty slippers of silver, and flit away with never a care for tomorrow's drudgery. As soon as we have donned our fairy apparel and taken our sparkling wands we flit away with Hansel and Gretel to visit their candy house for rest and refreshment. On the way we meet the Gingerbread Man who is still fleeing from the baker. As we pass the meadow where little "One" "Two" and "Three Eyes" is feasting at the table prepared by the goat, we see "Snow White" and "Red Rose" rescuing the dwarf who is caught in the tree by his whiskers. We feel somewhat related to the "Ugly Duckling" because it is only in dreamland that we assume our beautiful forms and when we wake in the morning we will be our uninteresting selves again. Later, in our tour of Fairyland, we meet "The Old Woman who lived in the Shoe." She is busy entertaining "Little Tommy Tucker" and "Tommy Snooks" who are playing with "Bessie Brooks." Little "Miss Muffet" is playing with the girl who has a "little curl right in the middle of her forehead."

If I could be whom I wanted for one day, and do what I wanted, I should choose "to sleep, perchance to dream." And thus every one of my childhood friends of nursery rhyme and fairy tale would troop in a jovial procession back to pass the happy days playing with me as they did in childhood's day.

Metamorphosis

By RUTH M. GORDON, '25

In autumn all in gayest hues is dressed;
In winter all is bare and bleak and brown;
In spring new life; no living things do rest;
And summer comes new-gowned.

Gossip

By BERTHA FAUST, '25

Earth in her anger one day at a God
Created vile Gossip from out of the sod,
'Twas her youngest offspring which we greatly regret,
For she never has failed to do harm yet.
She flies on her sinewy wings of fame
To scatter slander, reproach, and shame;
She stalks along on the ground quite small,
But gathers strength at the first downfall,
And rising taller she soon enshrouds
Her secret tales in the distant clouds.
Her flapping wings with tumultuous sound
Are warnings of woe as she nears the ground.
Disclosed to view, her many plumes
Reveal her eyes like hidden tombs;
Her tongues which reach above the skies
Fill wondering mouths with the foulest lies,
And her myriad ears are opened wide
To catch the news of the country side.
One day she drew nigh, unnoticed by all
And entered the home of Dido to call;
Dido a queen both lovely and fair
Had guests from Troy who were visiting there;
These Trojan men were seeking a shore
To build a new Troy from the ruins of war
Aeneas their leader, divine and upright
Had captured the heart of Dido at sight.
Her visitors tarried the winter through,
Enjoying the queen and strong Carthage, too;
But ever sly Gossip was lingering near
Intensely anxious some evil to hear.
It came one day by the will of the Gods
That the two were bound by marriage cords;
Then Gossip hurried with eager intent
To spread the tale wherever she went;
She wove it into a fanciful dream
Till it reached the ears of a suitor king.
A tale so woven with twisted threads
That the wrath of the king was far misled.

The Oak in Spring

ALICE PEHRSON, '25

The tall oak tree is standing gaunt —
Sombre against a cloudless sky,
Its old brown leaves, still clinging, flaunt
Their ugliness to passers-by.

No graceful bending twigs are there,
No needles green and fine, I see,
No blossoms gay, nor leaflets fair
Relieve the dullness of the tree.

To me these leaves now dry and sere
Proclaim but one clear clarion-call,
"Stick to the last and persevere;
To do is but to give your all."

A Friend of Mine

(Dedicated to a dog; the best that ever lived).

By JOHN D. GREENE, '25

I know of no companion
No friend that I have met
Who shows a love so valiant
As that of Buck, my pet.
'Tis years since first I saw him
A little, homeless pup
I stooped to pat his muzzle
Thank God I picked him up!

I brought him home to Mother
We made him welcome there;
We loved him as a brother
And shared his every care,
He made us glad we'd served him;
His watchful eyes were bright,
He kept his faithful vigil
Though damp and cold the night.

He grew — his massive shoulders
A glance of wonder drew
And e'en the strongest strangers
His wiry muscles knew.
A sound like that of thunder
Was made when'er he barked
Indeed a cause for wonder
His canine cronies marked.

His tail was always wagging
My friends were his anon.
Nor yet was he caught lagging
When duty spurred him on.
His courage never failed him
He fought through thick and thin,
No man has e'er assailed him,
And peace reigns where he's been.

'Tis strange that tears are flowing
As I speak thus to you.
My weakness they are showing
My love for him is true.
But good old Buck is ageing,
His body leaves us soon;
But when he's gone and buried
I'll oft recall this tune.

"How beautiful is living
A life of happy peace!
How beautiful is giving
Your life that strife may cease!
How wonderful to hear it said
By truth and honored right —
That even though your body's dead
You live — a beacon light."

A Study in Clouds

By SAMUEL A. LADD, '25

A light, soft wind; warm sunshine; a fleecy sky; leaves; red leaves; yellow leaves; brown leaves; leaves of every color, autumn.

I was sauntering slowly through a long avenue of trees, with my hands thrust into my pockets, gazing dreamily at the sky; glancing at the soft white clouds as they calmly sailed along above. For a time I scarcely noticed any one in particular, until at last a very beautiful one, curled into a fantastic shape, seemed to pause for a time directly over my head.

Slowly, very slowly, the faint outline of an almost white scene appeared in the cloud, as if carefully traced, by an unseen hand. Soon the figure of a large, beautiful white charger loomed up, clear and distinct. His noble head was held erect, the widely extended nostrils sniffed the air angrily and one of his fore-feet was slightly raised. On his back sat a young knight, dressed from head to foot in armor of pale gray. He drew back defiantly his right hand in which was a glittering sword. He was about to strike a terrible monster which was crouching beside his horse. I held my breath with eager expectation. What would happen? Suddenly, as mysteriously as the vision had come, it slowly parted from my view. The white clouds moved swiftly on, as if to make up for lost time.

Glancing to the west, I saw approaching, accompanied by a rumbling sound, a huge black cloud. This cloud looked so black and heavy it seemed as if it would pitch forward and drop from the heavens. Nearer and nearer it came, rumbling along, like a huge boulder rolling down hill. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning passed before it, as if a curtain were being hastily torn aside to give just one hurried glimpse of a scene most weird and dreary. It was that of a dark and lonely glen, overshadowed by tall, shaggy green trees, through which only a little light came. A deep, black stream splashed

over cold gray stones. Stealthily winding her way along was an old hag, bent, withered, and aged, grumbling hoarsely as she crept along, and now and then sounding the ground upon which she walked with her cane. Then the cloud gap closed quickly; the rain which had fallen unnoticed now came down in torrents, and this frightful view was no more.

It was late in the afternoon when I next resumed my studies in clouds. The sun was slowly sinking to rest in the western sky, painting the sky a myriad of colors. In one group were several small fleecy clouds, bright-hued from the sun's reflection. At first they looked like the other clouds, but as I watched them carefully, a beautiful picture formed in the curling mass. It was a shepherdess and her sheep. She was tall and fair, dressed in a crimson and black suit, in her hand she held a crook.

As she reclined on a mossy bank, idly watching the little brook as it babbled along at her feet, she made a very pleasing scene. In the distance one could see the sheep grazing in the fertile meadow. Above them the sky was pink, below was the freshening green. It was the scene of a spring day in the meadows. The sun now sank as a flaming torch from view, the picture grew fainter and still more faint, till it finally faded away like the dying embers of a once glowing campfire.

Song of Evening

By ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25

Dusk —
A curved baby moon
High-hung
In fluffy opal cloud —
Velvet blackness of a tree
In silhouette
Against a shell-pink sky.
The last gleam fades.
Evening —
No sound or song.
Save riffle of whispering leaves —
And then a hush —
The glamour of night.

A Jewel

By MURRAY FAIRWEATHER

In the bright sand, far down in the deep waters near the island of Ceylon, lay a young pearl oyster. He was surrounded by a large family of brothers and sisters, and was as happy and joyous as an oyster could be. The beams of light came down upon him from the upper world, just as bright as his eyes could bear. The dark waves rolled over his head and beat upon the island with a thundering roar, but they never troubled him. Ships scudded across his vision, under their storm sails, but whether wrecked or safe gave him little or no anxiety. If a hungry fish came prowling around he nestled deeper into the sand and was safe. So full of life was he that, had he feet, he doubtless would have danced with joy. So he lived and grew, the very pride of his family.

But one day he suddenly felt a sharp pain dart through him.

"Oh, what is that?" cried he, "I never felt anything like it! Has some swordfish stuck his sharp sword into me?"

"Alas, my child," said his mother, "I know well what it means. You have an incurable disease growing upon you. Oh, that the Angel of the Waters would spare you and pity you."

"Shall I feel it again, mother?"

"Yes, again and again. But you will learn to bear it, and the trouble will come upon you so gradually that you will learn to suffer."

From that day the poor oyster never had an hour free from pain. Gradually the pangs came, but with ever increasing power. He soon learned to bear them, and even to smile and speak cheerfully. Tenderly the poor mother ministered to him and comforted him. But it was soon found that there was something very hard growing near his heart. It seemed like a small, round stone at first, but it was covered up so that no one could see it. All the doctors from

far and near came and prescribed and guessed what it was, but they could afford no relief. It was noticed too, that the Angel of the Waters came often and looked upon the poor sufferer, and every time he did so the pains increased. It seemed as if he wanted to increase them — as no doubt he did! Sometimes he would touch him with his finger, sometimes turn him over and sometimes hint to the physician to give him the very medicine that made the suffering greater! Poor helpless one! There he lay year after year growing larger, and the lump near his heart growing larger and harder, and the pains ever increasing.

At last the poor oyster was worn out with suffering and died; and as he breathed his last, a pearl diver came down and seized him and put him into his little bag. Soon he shot up again to the world above the water and entered the boat that was waiting for him. And now they opened the shell, and lo! all was explained. Within the shell was a magnificent pearl — bright as a silver rainbow. It was the largest ever found in those waters. Carefully they carried it away.

And now it was known that it cost all those sufferings and agonies to make that pearl, and not an agony could have been less and have had the pearl so perfect. It was carried at once, to the crown jewellers and now it adorns the head of the Queen of England. No other pearl can, could, or ever will compare with it.

A Hiker

By FRANCES A. CRAWLEY, '25

I tramped up the rugged slope
And all the stately trees
Were nodding, and the autumn leaves;
I climbed the lonely, rugged slope
In my old tweed uniform
With my pack full, and sack of corn,
I was a hopeful Hiker
As I wandered up the rugged slope.

People Who Give Advice

By ALICE KINGSBURY, '26

"Listen, my child, and I'll expound," is, I find, the byword of more than one of my beloved elders.

On hearing these words, or any of similar intent, I heave an inward sigh, settle back in my chair, and assume an air of attentive listening while I let my thoughts wander I fear, far, far away. From bitter experience, I find that it is better to hear the speaker out. When his fountain of advice is exhausted, I rise, give him a sweet smile, and perambulate slowly but firmly toward the nearest exit, saying as I go, "Thank you so much for telling me this. I'm sure I appreciate it." By this time one should be well out of the door and his adviser is thus left with a comfortable feeling of having performed his righteous duty.

Sometimes, however, our patience is too sorely tried to listen until our advisers are winded.

Only the other evening I was very busily occupied at the very pleasurable task of dishwashing. An elderly friend for whom I hold only the greatest respect sauntered into the room and stood watching me. Did he offer to don an apron and wipe the dishes for me? Nay, not he. Did he offer to put them away? Indeed not, far from it. On the contrary he stood watching me as I slaved on at the sink and severely began to expound the proper way to wash dishes. Had he been a professional dishwasher I might have listened respectfully as I should have, of course. However, knowing as I did that I washed more dishes in a week than he had, probably, in his whole life, my patience gave way. I stood it as long as I could. Then I said, "Mr. Blank, I think some one is calling you." He took the hint and departed.

First *cousins* to the "I've something-to-tell you" are the "I told you so's," but these I will treat in another essay.

A Rainy Day in School

By LILLIAN STOWELL, '27

The rain drips, drips, drips monotonously. Everything is in an uncomfortable state of dampness not to be wondered at after a two days duration of rain.

Notwithstanding the grayness of the morning, the streets are blossoming with color in the form of slickers and umbrellas, ranging from purple to the most brilliant shades of yellow. The monotonous dripping of the rain is rivaled by the slop-slop-slopping of countless pairs of overshoes, carefully wending their way around the puddles in an almost vain endeavor to reach the somewhat uncertain haven of the sidewalks. Those once gained, however, progress is more or less sure, and after one final plunge from which we emerge wetter than ever, we enter the school building.

Even the walls of the school seem to send out chilly fingers to clutch every wet and bedraggled being who enters the building. Everything inside is excitement! Groups of girls, with hats pulled low over bobbed curls for some unaccountable reason, enter. Boys, carelessly swinging bags, push their way through the already crowded doors, heedlessly brushing past people who have succeeded to a certain extent in getting dry.

Lockers are wrenched open, accompanied by the sound of books meeting tin, as their owners, unmindful of the consequences to the books themselves, throw them with considerable violence into the lockers. After the necessary transactions have taken place, the lockers are banged shut, reverberating through the long corridors. Everything is in general state of confusion until the bell rings, restoring order. Then the building is once more wrapped in silence, while the only objects visible to wonderers in the hallways are innumerable little streams of water, that trickle to join others in wee pools or gradually dwindle away into nothingness.

On Common Street

By GEORGE BURGESS, '25

On Common Street where all are seen,
The name counts not, though it may seem
As though a few were the best.
They count with God as like all the rest.
And by our worth, he will gleam.

Here worth is measured not in gold,
Here count not deeds of daring bold
But love counts most to fellow men
On Common Street.

He is the best on Common Street
Who bears his task with temper sweet.
Who passes to his fellow man
A wish to help, and if he can,
His brother with a smile to greet,
On Common Street.



A Mythological Dream

By RITA CAHILL, '25

Gently by the wings of sleep
I'm borne to the Western Seas
Far along the glittering deep
To the land of Hesperides.

There, Dreams, the sons of Night
Quickly lead me on
Pass the gates of ivory
And into the gates of horn.

There, I see great Atlas.
Holding the celestial vault
There, lo, the Sisters Three
Spinning the thread of Destiny.

Then farther on we glide
Over the silvery waters
To see the golden apple tree
Guarded by Atlas's daughters.



Camping by the Lake

By ALICE PEHRSON, '25

The lapping of waves
As the water leaves
Its bright sandy shores of gold;
And the whirr of wings
As the glad lark sings
Are mem'ries of camp I hold.

Clara Barton

By BERTHA FAUST, '25

Hers was a life of which to be proud,
A soul with humanity's richness endowed,
And worthiness caused by her passion for peace
Had nourished her dreams of freedom's release.
Compelled by her love, she lifted her hand
And removed in caress the heartaches of man;
Urged on by her courage, she surpassed her own might
And comforted soldiers who fell for the right.
A goal straight ahead, so she calmly marched on
Unmoved by the threats of bombardment or storm;
A spark of her life had smouldered a flame
Which blazed up anew at the sound of her name
The heart-rending cry of a wearying race
Which was struggling hard to conquer disgrace
Had told Clara Barton of her country's loss;
And this was the birth of the American Red Cross.



Aurora of the Dawn

By E. JARVIS, '26

The evening shades have passed away,
The twinkling stars are gone;
Across the sky a goddess comes
Aurora of the dawn.

Her gown of faintest hues is made
Of palest rose and fawn;
The shadows vanish as she comes
Aurora of the dawn.

The darkest glooms are fled away
From field and wood and lawn;
Praise be to thee who bringest light
Aurora of the dawn.



Our Trust

By ESTHER BAKER, '25

The vicissitudes of life
Are both serious and gay.
We may learn to conquer strife
As we trudge along each day.

The best that we can give
Is all that's wished from us.
The game we play and live
Must be our greatest trust.

A Visit to Mars

By KATHRYN BENEDICT, '25

Based more or less on "A Message from Mars"

S-s-s-s boom! Crash! No wonder I woke up trembling with fear. It must have been about twelve o'clock. Cautiously I peered from under the bed covers and nearly fainted with fright when I saw a huge man clad in white armour standing at the foot of my bed. He was scowling with a thunderous frown, saying never a word — just staring. I cowered from his glance, remaining still and petrified with fear. Why didn't he speak? Oh, if he would only move! I'll scream if he doesn't do something! Oh! I'm going to — I screamed; and at the same time he raised his arm as if to strike, but with a sound like that of splintering glass, a ball of fire flew from his arm and fell crashing to the floor. Then in a voice, deep and rumbling like thunder, he spoke.

"I am a messenger from Mars. Oh, you selfish, ignorant creature of Earth; how thoughtless, how conceited you all are; nothing but *self, self, self!* Come with me to my native country, Mars, and just observe the difference. We never hurt others for self. My people *give, give, give* — for others. But come; all this is idle talk; you must see to feel your guilt!"

I didn't dare move. I wasn't sure that that was what he meant, but I soon found out; for with a second flash of light he roared, "Follow me!"

I jumped from my bed and crossed over to the window beside him, when he told me to step outside. Not daring to disobey I stepped over the sill and was surprised to find myself walking on air with perfect ease. I followed Mars up, up, up into the starlit world above. The field of stars was so thick that often my arm hit the point of one or I stumbled over another. Soon, my guide pointed to a brilliant planet ahead and spoke:

"Yonder lies the planet, Mars; be prepared to see and feel all I have to show you."

I nodded, not daring to speak aloud. The planet was huge, though seemingly small when compared with the Earth. As we drew nearer I noticed that everything was pure white: houses, roads, trees, everything save the brilliant red which lighted every house, apparently the only lighting system used. Then I realized why Mars always appears to be red in color when seen from the Earth.

We came to solid ground in what appeared to be the business section of a large city. But what a city! Everything white! The vehicles were queer shaped white carts drawn by giant white mice; the ten to twenty story buildings were white; the window displays were white flushed with red light; the people were white; their apparel was white; white, white, white! How I hated that colorless color! I was the only colorful being in all that great city. My footsteps showed black on the white pavement, and I flushed with shame when I thought of all that my guide had told me. He saw my perplexity and immediately answered my thoughts.

"No, my people do not see you. They notice the footprints and realize that one of Earth's selfish creatures has passed, but they know not who."

I remained silent. At least there was some satisfaction in knowing that these pure-souled people could not see my face.

As we passed up the main street I saw two perfectly devilish looking boys help an old lady in crossing the street. The contrast was so great that I was tempted to speak, but remained silent as I saw three little girls lending first aid to a little dog. Farther on was the sight of a seemingly poor woman emptying her shallow purse into the eager hands of a small, apparently orphan boy.

All these scenes so impressed me with their unrealism that I began to wonder if there truly was such a country. Yet what a

silly thought! Was I not in the midst of it at that very moment?

All day long my eyes were filled with similar sights and my ears heard the reproaches of Mars, my guide. Towards evening I became frantic and with a sudden burst of courage and temper let my thoughts fly.

"Oh, I hate, hate, hate your white pure-souled country with its characterless people and horrible crimson light! What good are they? They never advance; never invent wonderful new creations; never come out of that oblivion where every day is just like every other day! They don't know the feeling of sorrow and the joy that follows in our world below! They're just white, white, white—

With a flash of his fiery light he silenced my outbursts and roared: "Go, go then to your country of changes, and be content with your selfish thoughts! Advance, advance, advance—

I felt myself falling, falling down through the field of stars till I landed—. Dazedly I opened my eyes and was confronted still with the white and red of Mars. But, — the white was the rays of the full moon shining on my own room's white furniture; the red was the reflection of the red hot coals of a passing train.

I ran to my window and looked up where the planet, Mars, shone peacefully above. Then and there I made a wish that if ever I had a day in which to do as I pleased, it should be to repeat my experiences of that night.



Trees

By JOSEPHINE WESTIN, '25

A person is often heard saying, "I know nothing at all about trees." This sincere modesty is always untrue. Everybody knows at least one tree. Most people know several trees by name. For instance the white birch by its bark, the chestnut by its nuts, and the oak by its acorns. Many folks know the Lombardy poplars, those green exclamation points planted in long rows on roadsides. Again a person always knows a fruit tree by its fruits: the cherry, apple, pear, peach, and plum. Often there is a tree in the door yard or one that we pass many times a day, which, may be by some prominent characteristic, demands special attention and so we learn its name. And then any one who is at all familiar with trees knows that their leaves fall in the autumn, that they have blossoms in the spring, and that some are bare in the winter.

The forest trees are divided into two groups: trees bearing foliage, and trees with acidulous leaves. The former lose their leaves in autumn; the stiff linear leaves of the latter, on the contrary, live throughout the winter, with the exception of the larch tree.

It is easily proved that each person has a foundation of tree knowledge. People living in the country are confronted with trees wherever they go; while those in the city have just as good an advantage of looking at trees in their parks. Parks in various cities bring together as large a variety of trees as possible, and these are often labelled with their English and botanical names for the benefit of the public. The Arnold Arboretum in Boston is the great dendrological Noah's Ark in this country. It contains almost all the trees, American and foreign, which will grow in this region.

The origin of tree names is interesting. Trees have both common and scientific names and each has its use. Common names were applied to important trees by people, the world over, before science was born. Many trees were never noticed by anybody until botanists discovered and named them. They may never get common names at all.

For example, let us consider how the oaks got their names, common and scientific. Massive strength is the chief characteristic

of the oak and it was the broad-based trunk of an oak that suggested the design for the first great lighthouse. The branches twist about in zig-zag fashion, and the thick bark is deeply furrowed.

All acorn bearing trees are oaks. They are found in Europe, Asia, and America. Their usefulness and beauty have impressed people. The Britons called them by a word which in our modern speech is oak; and as they came to know the different kinds, they added a descriptive word to the name of each. But English names are not useful to the French man, the German, or the Chinaman. Still, the same oak trees grow in all these countries and in others. Therefore Latin scientific names are given to all trees so that scholars of any country know just where in books of their own language to find them described. Latin is used because it is the universal language of scholars and it is dead, so that it can be depended upon to remain unchanged.

The origin of local names of trees is interesting. History and romance, music and common sense, are in these names — likewise much foolishness. The nearness to Mexico brought in the musical pinon and madrona in the southwest. Pecanier and bois d'arc came from France with the Acadians, to Louisiana. The Indians had many trees named, and we wisely kept hickory, wahoo, catalpa, persimmon, and others.

Woodsmen have generally chosen descriptive names which are based on fact and are helpful to learners. Botanists have done this too. Bark gives the name to shagbark, hickory, striped maple and naked wood. The color names white birch, black locust, and blue beech. Wood names red oak, yellow wood, and white heart hickory. The uses name post oak, canoe birch, and lodge-pole pine.

The swift unfolding of the leaves in spring is always a miracle. One day the budded twigs are still wrapped in the deep sleep of winter, a trace of green appears about the edges of the bud scales — they loosen and

fall, and the tender green shoot looks timidly out and begins to unfold its crumpled leaves. Soon the delicate blade broadens and takes on the texture and familiar appearance of the grown up leaf. This could never happen except for the store of concentrated food that the sap dissolves in spring and carries to the buds, and for the remarkable activity of the cambium cells within the buds.

What is a bud? It is a shoot in miniature — its leaves or flowers, or both, formed with wonderous completeness in the previous summer. About its base are crowded leaves so hardened and overlapped as to cover and protect the tender shoot. All the tree can ever express of beauty or of energy comes out of these precious little "growing points," wrapped up all winter, but impatient, as spring approaches, to accept the invitation of the south wind and sun.

The protective scale leaves fall when they are no longer needed. This leaf fall makes little show on the forest floors, but it greatly exceeds in numbers the leaf fall in autumn.

The folding and plaiting of the leaves bring the ribs and veins into prominence. The delicate green web sinks into folds between and is therefore protected from the weather. Young leaves hang limp, never presenting their perpendicular surfaces to the sun.

The food of trees comes from two sources — the air and the soil. The ascent of the sap from roots to leaves bring water with mineral salts dissolved in it. Thus potassium calcium, magnesium, iron, sulphur, nitrogen and phosphorus are brought to the leaf laboratories — some are useful, some useless. The air furnishes hydrogen and oxygen for the making of starch.

The power that runs this starch factory is the sun. The chlorophyll, or leaf green, which colors the clear protoplasm of the cells, is able to absorb in daylight (specially on warm, sunny days) some of the energy of sunlight, and to enable the protoplasm to use the energy thus captured.

There are little elastic curtains on the doors of leaves, and in dry weather they are closely drawn. This is to prevent the free escape of water. In a moist atmosphere the doors stand wide open. Evaporation does not draw water so hard in such weather, and there is no danger of excessive loss.

The bulk of the work of the leaves is accomplished before midsummer. They are damaged by whipping in the wind, by the ravages of fungi and insects of many kinds. Soot and dust clog the stomates. Mineral deposits clog the working cells. Finally they become sere and russet or "die like the dolphin," passing in all the splendor of sunset skies to oblivion, on the leaf mould under the trees.

Between the bark and wood is the cambium. This is disappointing when one comes to look at it, for all there is of it is a colorless slimy substance that moistens the youngest layers of wood and bark, and forms the layer of separation between them. This cambium is the life of the tree. A hollow trunk seems scarcely a disability. The loss of limbs a tree can survive and start afresh. But girdle its trunk, exposing a ring of the cambium to the air, and the tree dies. The vital connection of leaves and roots is destroyed by the girdling, nothing can save the tree's life. Girdle a limb or a twig and all above the injury dies.

There is no miracle like "the burst of spring." Who has watched a tree by the window as its twigs began to shine in early March, and the buds to swell and show edges of green as their scales lengthened? Then the shoot struggled out, casting off the hindering scales. Soon the palms are lifted into the air; they broaden and take on the texture of the perfect leaf. The tree stands decked in its canopy of leaves, every one of which is ready and eager to assume the responsibilities it faces.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

Chimneys

By SAMUEL A. LADD, JR., '25

Tall, red-rusted stacks
Rolling columns of murky waste-smoke
Roaring fires — soft coal, soot-cinders,
Factory noises, — buzzing — whirring sounds
Crowds — motion — voices.
Work.

Squat yellow brick chimneys
A curling thin blue haze, in the clear air
Dying embers — warmth — tiny points of flame
The home — quiet pleasure — dreams
Silence — reflections — meditations
Rest.

Springtime

By PEARL NANSCAWEN, '27

The gentle breezes of the morn
As phantom zephyrs play,
Gay dew drops sparkle on the lawn,
Where misty sunbeams stray.
The lacy lilac, queenly fair,
In perfumed vapor stands,
And tossing wild and restless there,
The sea sweeps gleaming sands.

Half hidden deep in cool, green leaves,
The timid violet lies;
And yonder snowheap weeping grieves,
For parting winter skies.
The many colored tulips nod
To all along the way,
And raise their heads to thank the God,
Who made this bright spring day.

The Approaching Tornado

By R. STUDLEY, '25

On the wings of a piercing heavy gale,
Through the boundless arch of heaven you sail;
Rushing and gushing and terribly strong
Your mighty shadows move along.

The world below is dismayed, and dumb
Like eternity you swiftly come;
All darkens fast, — and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the blackening haze.

You send through our land a deathlike ray
A glare neither like night nor day;
A gleam that touches, with raging teeth
The clouds above and the earth beneath.

An Unsung Hero

(Founded on an Incident during the Italian Struggle for Freedom)

By FRANK VELLALI, '25

In the year 1860, during the war for the freedom of Italy, a few days after the famous battle of San Martino, which was won by the Italians and French against the Austrians, a small Italian cavalry troop was slowly advancing toward the enemy on a lonely road. It was July, and all nature seemed to be in its glory. Quiet prevailed. This small cavalcade was guided by an officer and a sergeant. The soldiers looked ahead with fixed eyes, silently scrutinizing every hill, every rock, every tree, prepared to meet at any moment the enemy.

They arrived thus at a small country house which was surrounded by a grove of tall and stately birch trees. Seated on the door-step, alone, a boy of about fifteen was calmly whittling. From a window a large red, white, and green flag was fluttering in the brisk Italian breeze. The house was deserted as the inhabitants had fled for fear of the Austrians. As soon as the boy saw the soldiers he threw away his stick and he removed his cap. He was a beautiful, fiery-spirited boy with big, blue eyes and long black hair. He was in his shirt sleeves and his chest was bared.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer of him, upon stopping his horse. "Why haven't you gone away with your parents?"

"I have no parents," answered the boy. "I am an orphan and I make a living by working here and there. Besides, I have not gone away because I want to see the war."

"Have you seen any Austrians go by here lately?"

"No, not for three days."

The officer jumped off his mount and leaving the soldiers there he entered the house and climbed to the attic. The house was not very high; from the window only a little stretch of the country-side could be seen.

"It is necessary to climb one of the trees," he said on descending.

Directly in front of the house was a tree whose top actually seemed to scrape the very heavens. The officer remained in deep thought for a moment. Suddenly he asked of the boy:

"Have you a keen eyesight, my son?"

"I?" replied the youth. "Why I can see a sparrow a mile distant."

"Would you be capable of climbing to the top of that tree?"

"Climb that tree? I? Why, I can do that in less than a minute."

"And could you tell me if there are any Austrians around, covered with dust, on horseback and with shining rifles?"

"Why, of course I can."

"What will you ask in recompense for your service?"

"What will I ask?" said the boy, smiling. "Nothing. I am an Italian!"

"Good. Climb then."

"One moment, while I take off my shoes."

He removed his shoes, tightened his belt, threw his cap in the grass and then he grasped the trunk of the tree.

"Wait," exclaimed the officer, with a gesture, as if anxious for the boy's safety.

The boy turned and looked at him with a questioning stare.

"'Tis nothing," said the officer. "Climb."

In a few moments the boy reached the tree top where he was half hidden by the foliage. He could scarcely be seen, so small did he appear up there.

"What can you see ahead of you," shouted the officer.

"Two horsemen on a road," was heard the faint reply.

"About how far from here?"

"A half mile."

"Look to your right," shouted the officer.

after a moment of silence. "What do you see?"

The boy looked steadily and long. Then he said "Near the cemetery, among the trees there is something that glistens. Perhaps it is a bayonet, but I cannot see a soul."

Just then the shrill whistle of a bullet was heard as it passed through the air, above the trees.

"Come down, boy, come down. I have heard enough. They have seen you," shouted the officer in great excitement and alarm.

"I am not afraid," answered the boy.

The young patriot turned and gazed to his left. Just then a second bullet was heard, much lower than the first, cutting through the air.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the boy. "These bullets seem to have it in for me."

The officer begged and commanded but he would not come down.

"To my left I —"

A third bullet hummed through the air. Then a dull thud — the bullet had found its mark. The poor wounded boy lost his hold and, bruised by every branch, fell to the ground, unconscious.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the frenzied officer.

From the boy's chest blood was flowing. The officer ripped off the shirt.

"He lives!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Alas, poor boy. Brave son of Italy. Courage! Courage!"

As the sergeant uttered these words the poor boy's eyes suddenly opened wide, his head drooped — he was dead. The officer palid, quietly laid him on the bare ground. Then, going up to the house he took the tricolor from the window and wrapped it around the dead hero.

The soldiers remained around the body for a few moments in silence. Then the officer turned to the sergeant and said: "A true martyr of his country. We shall send an ambulance for him. He died as a soldier, we shall bury him as a soldier."

Italy is now redeemed. The heroism of this nameless hero and countless others shall never be forgotten.

Book Report

By CATHERINE A. GROVES, '26

"He died in 1859."

So concluding the speaker sat down.

"Miss Brown," called the teacher.

"He was born in 1783," began that young lady.

The pupils settled themselves down in their seats. This was the eleventh time that afternoon that they had heard the same thing. It was oral day in English. The assignment was to tell the life of Washington Irving. Everyone had said the same thing, while telling his life.

1783. 1859. Over and over again.

Would the bell never ring? There were still twenty minutes.

Suddenly a brisk young man with curly, black hair, and brown eyes appeared beside the teacher's desk. The class sat up, and Miss Brown sat down. The man began talking.

"You think I am a bore," he said. "But I hope I can make you think differently in a little while. My life itself will not be very interesting, because I lived just like most of you live. So I'm going to show you a moving picture of five of my sketches."

The room became dark. At the right of the teacher's desk was a thick red curtain. The bottom of it was lighted. In fact a stage had appeared. All the students were now paying attention —

"The first sketch given," said Mr. Irving (of course you have recognized him), "will be 'The Widow and Her Son'."

The curtain slowly rose. The scene was laid in an old church. The place was so dark that you couldn't even see the roof. A man in a long black gown came in with a candle and began to set the place to rights. The bell started slowly tolling as the man disappeared into the gloom. He soon reappeared, this time with some young boys, who were also dressed in long black gowns. They placed many candles around the place, while the bell kept tolling. The congregation began to come. The first person to appear was a poor, decrepit, old woman.

"The Advocate"

She seated herself on the altar steps. She showed up clearly, while the rest of the congregation was in the dark, with the exception of the first few pews. A good many of the people looked around at their neighbors, or went to sleep, or at least thought of anything but what they should have been thinking. But this woman didn't. Though she was too blind to read, she repeated every prayer and sang every hymn. A picture of a young man, her son, appeared above her head. She had thought of him for years. He had gone to sea; and he had not returned.

The curtain went down.

We realized that Mr. Irving had been explaining the picture. At the time it seemed as though we had thought of the things ourselves. We were not conscious of his voice.

The curtain rose again.

The scene was in the old woman's garden. She was weeding among her flowers. Her face, which could be better seen by daylight, showed sorrow, long years of sorrow; but it also showed resignation and trust. The head of a young man, who was worn out with sickness, was seen coming up the garden path. It was her son.

The curtain fell.

We breathed a sigh of relief. There are some things that ought not to be seen by human eyes, or described by human pens.

The curtain rose for the last time in this sketch.

The setting of this scene was in a church-yard. We could again hear the bell tolling. Somebody was dead. The funeral procession wound slowly between the graves. The deceased must have been poor, for the procession was very small. It stopped beside the new grave. The chief mourner came forward. It was our heroine, the woman we last saw united with her son. What a great change had come over her countenance. It seemed as if this last trouble were one too many. Since no gain was to be got out of

this funeral, the ceremony was run as soon as possible. In fact the deceased was scarcely buried decently.

"The woman died within a week," said Irving.

The curtain slowly fell. Across it ran these words. "May we all at last rejoin those we love in a world where sorrow is never known and friends never parted."

"The next play," said Irving will be "Westminster Abbey."

One could easily have got lost in Westminster Abbey. It was so dark in there that one could just barely read the inscriptions. The place was full of tombs and pillars. Some were beautiful, some ugly. Many were mutilated. The dust from the proudest people in the world lay beside the dust of people they had despised; everybody could walk over them, no matter how lowly. While we walked some men came in. They were beggars and had come in to rest. They sat down on Queen Elizabeth's tomb. What would that proud Queen have said, if she had been told that some day two beggars would sit on her tomb? Buried near her is Queen Mary. The latter got everybody's sympathy. A studious young man came on the scene and began to walk around and look at everything. The scene moved so that we all followed too. When it became so dark we couldn't see, the curtain dropped.

We had seen famous men and men unknown to history, good men and bad men, proud men and humble men, all mixed together. We wondered whether it was worth while after all to pursue fame if this were all it came to. We would be forgotten so soon. For a little while we would be remembered, and students would have to study our lives; most of them would wish we had never been born, but in a very few years if our name was mentioned, people would wonder where in the world we were.

"The Nationality of Literature." The scene was laid in a large library. A young man (Washington Irving) was seated by a

table on which was a large book. The leaves of this book were opened and the book was talking. At first we couldn't understand what it was saying, for it talked in a very old-fashioned tongue. I saw, however, he understood a little of it. It was grumbling because nobody read it, and asking about authors that had been forgotten long ago. When Irving told it that these men there never heard of them, the book could not believe it. He said, "I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His reputation, however, was considered quite temporary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor half-educated varlet that knew little of Latin and nothing of Greek and had been obliged to run the country for deer-stealing. I think his name was Shakespeare. I presume he soon sunk into oblivion."

As the curtain went down we realized that as the times and language change, so must literature. Through no fault of his the good author can't last forever, though some last a long time.

The next scene was announced as "Abbotsford."

The curtain went up with a bang, and we saw Scott with his dogs climbing up a small hill in front of us. Everyone knows the personal appearance of Sir Walter so I will not describe him. He met two of the peasants who lived near, and stopped and talked with them. He was as pleasant and talkative with them as he could have been if they had been kings. He was the most engaging talker we had ever heard. A little while later he was joined by his two daughters with a stranger. Scott welcomed the man, and finding that he was a stranger insisted that he visit the Scott's for at least a week.

What a man Sir Walter Scott was. In spite of the work he did, all the novels and poems he wrote, he never was too busy to stop and entertain some one, never too busy to say a pleasant word.

Ring-a-ling-ling. The period was over, and Irving and his stage vanished together.



Tides

By MARION F. STEVENS, '26

Wet sands,
Soft salty air,
Sucking waters with soaring gulls;
A cooing sound
And then a lull
Until the ripple, trickle
Of little pebbles:
The out-going tide.

A big sweep and then a pull,
As stronger it grows on coming in;
A heavier push and backward sweep,
Until another meets it and breaks;
A might roar, as it all floods in
And beats upon the rocks and wall;
A splashing, roaring, pounding sound,
With white foam spraying on the great green mass:
The in-coming tide.

The Weed

By PHYLLIS RICHARDSON, '25

From generation to generation
There has always been a great need,
Even from Caesar's administration
To o'erwhelm the powerful weed.

What is there in a plant so frail
That repulses every cutting gale?
Nothing can stop its persistent growth
As it saucily scorns sun and rock both.

I wonder what a weed conceals,
What secret it never to us reveals;
It seems as though some hidden force
Pushes it upward from some deep source.

It may not be for us to know
All things which nature's glories show,
Perhaps it's best to use some tact
And not maul o'er a thing that's a fact.

The Snake

By JOHN D. GREENE, '25

Hiss! you venomous crawler
 You ugly and slippery-slime reptile
 Sneaking through the cool grasses
 And shady poison-ivy leaves.
 Coiling your lithe and graceful body —
 Bringing sparkling radiance
 As the noonday sun strikes your jeweled head.
 Ha! Spiteful — an intruder.
 How artfully you twist your serpent neck
 Your body resilient like a glistening spring
 Of energetic steel.
 Your tendril-like tongue
 As beautifully posed as yourself
 Yet ugly in its nature;
 Piercing the summer air
 And fouling it with venom and hatred.
 All this in idle show
 You slinking coward!
 The most attractive of your serpent kind
 Yours is the contempt of honest men—
 Away from me!

**Call Us, Columbia!**

By JOHN D. GREENE, '25

Spirit of freedom, by glory enhaloed
 Rouse us thy sons in defense of the truth
 Grateful you'll find us, by duty inspired
 The lesson you taught we have learned in our youth.
 Call us, we're ready; we're thrilled by thy power
 The strength of thy hand and the might of thy voice.
 One glance at our banner — unjust rulers cower
 All free peoples weep — the valiant rejoice.

**Stars**

By KATHERINE BENEDICT, '25

Stars shine about me,
 Stars shine within me —
 Stars in the flowers, and stars in the dew!
 In the morning's dim grey light,
 A beacon of past night —
 They fade into nothing — a memory of you!

**Flowers**

By FLORENCE W. RICE, '25

Flow'rs of all colors,
 Flow'rs of all perfumes,
 Flow'rs in wee baskets and flow'rs in large carts
 On ev'ry side of us,
 Enough to confound us,
 Are flow'rs and more flow'rs come to the mart.

**An Appreciation**

Now that graduation is here we think naturally of this year's graduation and of those of the past. For many years N. H. S. has been exceedingly fortunate in having not only its graduation music but also the music in all its school activities directed by one who has spent much time and energy for the school. We are speaking of Miss Ellen H. Bartlett, Music Supervisor of the Needham schools. Up to this year Miss Bartlett has been energetically at the back of our

musical activities, all of which have been fine successes. While we are glad to see the Needham schools grow and have a second music director, we regret that all the schools cannot continue to have the benefit of Miss Bartlett's teaching and especially that the High School no longer has her. *The Advocate* wishes to express the popular opinion that we owe much to Miss Bartlett for our successes and to thank her for her untiring work.

A Flower Bed

By RUTH GORDON

A blaze of flaming color lures the passers-by!

In the background leading to the large white house, a graceful white trellis archway stands smothered in great clusters of red rambler roses. Also in the background numerous stately hollyhocks, pink, red, white, and yellow, intermingled with azure larkspur, nod and beckon in the soft summery zephyrs.

Early in the spring, crocuses and daffodils grace the garden.

Late in the spring and into the summer multi-colored tulips are massed in huge groups.

As summer advances bushes flourish bearing exquisite roses, deep red velvety ones, huge pink, and snowy white ones, and small yellow tea roses.

In place of some of the earlier flowers, many flowering plants are set out during the warmer weeks adding a pleasant green to the brighter colors.

The borders are rows of small, sweetly smelling blossoms: mignonette, dainty lavender and white candytuft with the lovely sweet alyssum.

The attractiveness and beauty of the flowers draw much attention and one is reluctant to pass on.

Dream Not

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN

If you would find a higher aim,
Seek not for it in dreams,
In golden dreams that cannot claim
A way to higher realms.

Sweet idle moments don't retain,
Nor seek with them to dwell.
They bear but heartless thorns of pain;
Their flowers grow not well.

So seek the object of your way,
Tho' lonely and afar;
And plant and watch o'er it each day,
Until it blooms — a star.

"Slimpy" the Slugger

By ALFRED GROSS, '25

Two teams were tied for first place
In the struggle for the pennant race,
And now a series must be run
To claim the honor of who had won.

The Wolves had taken the first game
And in the second they did the same,
But in the third the Hornets led
And in the fourth they were ahead.

The fifth and last deciding fray
Remains in my memory to this day,
How both teams fought for every "fret"
I shall never in all my life forget.

In the ninth the teams were even all
When "Slimpy" the Slugger hit the ball
With two out and the bases packed
Over the fence for a homer-smacked.

Now the Hornets are the champion team
And everywhere the papers gleam
With the stunt that "Slimpy" the Slugger done
And all about that great home run.

Looking Forward

By JANE PIERCE, '25

Our final year is slipping to a close,
And swiftly pass those happy, joyful days
Which soon will be the past — just as a rose
That leaves its mem'ry in our heart always.
There floats before us now a figure brown
With which our souls know not just what to do.
Dark spectre of a world to us unknown
Whose tricks are many and whose virtues, few.

The Future he's ahead with beck'ning hand
It's there for us to gain, for us to win.
For we must bear the burdens which the Lord
Has thrust upon our shoulders, free of sin,
A Future dim, A Future harsh, yet kind,
Disclose, unveil your magic to our mind.

The skipper of a British tramp schooner had lost his bearings on a stormy night and was anxiously studying an old chart. "Well," he said to the mate, pointing to a place on the chart, "If that's Cardiff, Bill, we're all right, but, if it's a fly speck, 'eaven 'elp us!"

La Dernière Lettre de Notre Amie, Fernande

Audes, le 26, février, 1925.

Très chères Bienfaitrices et amies,

Comme, il y a déjà quelque temps que je n' ai pas eu le plaisir de vous écrire, je profite du jeudi, jour de congé, pour venir m' entretenir quelques instants avec vous.

Ici, nous sommes en plein hiver, la plus triste la plus désagréable saison; néanmoins nous ne devons pas trop nous plaindre cette année, car nous n'avons pas eu de grands froids, il n'y a guère qu'une quinzaine de jours que la température s'est sensiblement abaisnée. Il n' a neigé qu'une seule fois cet hiver et ça n'a pas duré, c' était samedi dernier nous étions en classe quand tout à coup nous nous trouvâmes plongés dans une presque complète obscurité et quelques instants après, nous pûmes, de nos places apercevoir par les fenêtres de gros flocons de neige qui tourbillonnaient dans l'air comme de magnifiques papillons blancs, c'est ainsi qu'à la récréation nous pûmes admirer le magnifique tapis qui recouvrait la terre et le toit des maisons, nous nous réjouissions de jouer aux boules et aux bonhommes de neige à la récréation suivante, hélas, notre joie fut de courte durée quelques heures après, un grand vent de degel se mit à souffler et bientôt il ne resta plus de cette belle neige que flaques d'eau et boues dégoutantes. Mes camarades et moi étions consternées, car c'est un des plus grands plaisirs des écoliers que de jouer avec cette belle neige blanche qui donne bien froid aux mains, mais active l'appétit et laisse du rose aux joues des enfants. Si vous connaissez la neige, nous l'aimez aussi, J'en suis sûre, car tout le monde l'aime. Il est vrai que dans votre pays il y a de plus belles choses que dans le nôtre, de beaux boulevards, de superbes places publiques, des monuments à profusion et aussi de superbes maisons avec 10, 15, et même 20 étages, nous dit-on et puis des oiseaux, des fleurs comme il n'en existe certainement pas chez nous. Que je serais heureuse d'admirer

toutes ces belles choses, mais ce qui me causerait encore le plus de plaisir ce serait de vous voir, chères amies, de faire votre connaissance et de causer avec vous, quel malheur qu'un si grand éloignement nous sépare! Enfin il faut se résoudre, on ne peut demander l'impossible.

J'ai le plaisir de vous apprendre que ma santé est meilleure depuis l'opération de ma gorge, je me porte mieux.

Maman se porte assez bien, elle aussi pour le moment. Nous désirons toutes deux, chères Bienfaitrices, qu'il en soit de même de vous et de vos aimables familles et nous vous adressons à toutes ainsi qu'à vos chères Maîtresses, l'assurance de notre meilleur et très reconnaissant souvenir.

Votre petite protégée qui vous aime bien.

FERNANDE PACOURET.

Ma chère Fernande,

Notre maîtresse nous lit vos lettres très intéressantes quand vous nous les adressez, et nous en jouissons beaucoup.

Cette année à l'école nous suivons un plan, qui est nouveau et satisfaisant à la plupart des élèves. Nous venons à l'école à huit heures et quart et nous étudions jusqu' à deux heures et quart. Bien entendu, nous avons presqu' une demi-heure chaque jour pour notre second déjeuner, qui nous donne beaucoup de récréation.

J'étudie à présent le latin, l'anglais, la chimie, et le français. J'aime mieux le français parce que c'est le plus facile pour moi. Je me demande si vous étudiez l'anglais et si vous l'aimez. Maintenant nous étudions la grammaire française. Je ne l'aime pas autant que notre lecture. Nous avons lu "Les Oberlé" et "Le Cid," tous les deux sont intéressants.

J'espère que vous m'écrirez bientôt.

Votre ami américaine,

ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25.

Chère Fernande,

Peut-être que vous serez surprise de recevoir tant de lettres, mais je suis sûre que vous aurez beaucoup d'amusement quand vous tâcherez de les lire. Naturellement, nous aimons à avoir des lettres de celle qui demeure loin d'ici et nous sentons comme si nous vous connaissions bien par vos lettres.

Quand elles viennent, notre maîtresse nous les lit lentement et nous entendons de nombreuses choses que vous faites en France.

J'ai dix-sept ans et je vais prendre mes diplômes de cette école en juin. L'année dernière nous avons fait bâtir une nouvelle école et elle est très grosse, au moins, plus grosse que notre ancienne. Un semestre s'est passé et j'en suis fâché parce que c'est mon dernier an et j'aime très bien l'école. Après avoir achevé mes études à cette école j'ai l'intention d'aller au collège en Maine.

La présence des élèves est diminuée beaucoup ici à cause des oreillons. Il leur faut s'absentir trois semaines et ils ont beaucoup de travail à faire quand ils reviennent à l'école.

J'espère que vous vous êtes rétablie, parce que vous avez dit dans votre dernière lettre que vous ne vous êtes pas bien portée.

Cordialement votre amie,

BERTHA FAUST, '25.

Habibrah, Caractere de Victor Hugo

Habibrah était le nain espagnol de l'oncle d'Auverney, et plus tard, l'obi dans le camp de Biassou. Il avait été donné à l'oncle par lord Effingham, gouverneur de la Jamaïque. Il servait l'oncle aussi de son fou, à l'imitation des anciens princes qui avaient des bouffons dans leurs cours.

Habibrah était déformé et il paraissait un monstre. Il était gros, court, et se mouvait avec une rapidité singulière sur ses deux jambes grêles. Sa tête énorme était enfoncée entre ses épaules et sa tête était couverte de laine rouge et crépue. Son visage était une grimace d'une laideur bizarre.

L'once d'Auverney l'aimait à cause de sa difformité et le traitait le mieux de tous ses esclaves.

Quand la révolte des esclaves est arrivée Habibrah a tué l'oncle d'Auverney et est devenu l'obi de Biassou, général des esclaves.

En réalité, il était toujours l'ennemi des blancs et plus tard pour se venger il tâchait de tuer le capitaine D'Auverney, mais pendant la lutte, au bord d'un précipice, il est tombé et s'est tué.

ROLAND STUDLEY, '25.

'La Pomme Cuite !

Le bon La Fontaine avait l'habitude de manger une pomme cuite tous les matins. Un jour il en met une sur la cheminée pour la faire refroidir, et alors il passe dans sa bibliothèque. Un de ses amis entre dans sa chambre, voit la pomme et la mange. La Fontaine en entrant dans la chambre voit que sa pomme est disparue et il dit, "Mon Dieu! qui a mangé ma pomme?"

"Ce n'est pas moi," répond son ami.

"Tant mieux pour vous," dit La Fontaine.

"Pourquoi dites-vous cela?" dit son ami.

"Parce que j'ai mis de l'arsénic dans cette pomme pour détruire les rats."

"Ah! Je suis empoisonné," s'écrit l'homme. "Je suis mort!"

"N'ayez pas peur," dit La Fontaine, "c'est une plaisanterie pour savoir qui a mangé ma pomme cuite."

FRANK VELLALI, '25.

Bug Jargal

(Mots supposés de Léopold D'Auverney)

By JOHN GREENE, '25

Vous, généreux homme, vous, grand de coeur,
Vous mettez les lâches noirs en terreur.
Votre âme est haute comme les étoiles,
Mon meilleur ami, Bug Jargal loyal.

Ange de salut de tout le monde,
Notre amour pour vous est bien profonde.
Que le Bon Dieu vous traite bien,
Le bon garde de moi et des miens.

"HE IS NOT DEAD; HE IS JUST AWAY"

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

ALBERT CHILSON

A CLASSMATE WHOSE WILLINGNESS AND
CHEERFULNESS WILL ALWAYS BE IN OUR
REMEMBRANCE.



SENIOR PORTFOLIO



SAMUEL APPLETON LADD, JR.

*"His words were simple enough
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low."*

Date of birth — October 17, 1906.

Place of birth — Newton, Mass.

Sam is our class president, was our class president, and always will be our class president. Whenever we reflect in our old age to days of the class of '25, Sam's cheerful guidance will loom before us. He not only has been class president but he has been everything else there ever could be. We feel pretty proud of Sam now, and we know we shall be prouder still as time and Sam go on.

Class President 1, 2, 3, 4. **Advocate** 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Football 3, manager 4. Hockey 3, 4 Captain Senior Play.
Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Prom Committee 3, 4.



DONALD FRANKLIN GRAY

"He'll find a way."

Date of birth — September 6, 1906.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Meet the "Beau Brummel" of the Class of '25! Donnie was, is, and always will be a model of neat and correct dress. He may be a designer one of these days, but we strongly doubt it, for his tendencies seem more toward the practical side of affairs. He was also a subject of admiration as he led the football cheers last year. We know that he will be a leader in business some day; so that N. H. S. will be made famous. Let's hope so anyway.

Vice-President 4.

Cheer Leader 4.

Senior Play.

The Advocate



WILLIAM GODFREY CAUNT

"Man may hold all sorts of posts if he'll only hold his tongue."

Date of birth — November 15, 1906.

Place of birth — Chicago, Ill.

This young gentleman has had the great honor of being our Class Secretary for all four years and we confess he has well fulfilled his office. Bill seems to have a liking for helping others, and, because of his good services, he was elected Football Manager last fall. We believe that he will make an excellent business man later on.

Secretary of Class 1, 2, 3, 4.

Football Manager 4.



GEORGE WILLIAM BURGESS

"Wit is the salt of conversation not the food."

Date of birth — May 21, 1906.

Place of birth — East Orange, N. J.

"Gibby" seems to be the most overworked person in the school; we can always see him talking business to some one. George is also the possessor of a mechanical mind. Chemistry is a "perfect cinch" and Math is one of the easiest subjects of the curricula (in his estimation). Oh, how we envy you. Gibby plans to go to Tech next fall and we know he will master any difficulty in his way.

Class Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4.

Senior Dramatic Committee 4.

Student Council

Baseball Manager 4.

Advocate 2, 3, 4.

Senior Prom Committee 4.



ESTHER MARIE BAKER

"To know how to hide one's ability is great skill."

Date of birth — November 25, 1906.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

A most efficient and positive young lady! We can remember in English I and II, and in Ancient History I how Esther would argue most skilfully for her side of any question. When any one wants a favor done and done well, Esther is called for. We loved her frankness and candor as displayed by Miss MacMasters in our Senior Play. We feel that her reliable and steadfast qualities plus her efficiency will help her in any undertaking she may perform.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3.

Mandolin Club, 4.

Senior Play.

Valedictorian



ALICE AMANDA PEHRSON

*"In small proportion we just beauties see . . .
And in short measure life may perfect be."*

Date of birth — October 11, 1907.

Place of birth — Cochituate, Mass.

Here we have another short classmate. We are afraid that if visitors should have attended school, Alice might have been taken for a freshman. But that's only her height. Alice shines in the classroom. Her recitations surprise us by their brilliancy. Alice intends to become a nurse and we know she will succeed in her chosen field of duty.

Prize Speaking 4.

Salutatorian.

Senior Play.



JOSEPHINE WESTIN

"Her heart is like a garden fair."

Date of birth — December 13, 1906.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Joe's ability was quite hidden from us until we saw her represent "Struggle" in the Senior Play. The fine acting of her role actually made cold shivers run up and down our spinal columns. Joe is always present with the little friendly words and we know she will continue to be cheerful wherever she is.

Senior Play.

Class Prophet.



ESTHER RIDEOUT

*"Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."*

Date of birth — December 31, 1906.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Esther is most thorough-going. There is not a study that she has undertaken but what she knew more about it than the rest of us did. She has contributed a great deal of her time and interest to school activities. The hockey team had her for a manager this year. All through her four years she added her skill as a violinist to the orchestra. And this last year she took part in the Glee Club and the Senior Play. Esther may leave us to visit the sunny state of California next year. Best of wishes to you, Esther.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.
Student Council 4.

Manager Hockey 4.

Glee Club 4.
Senior Play.

The Advocate



JAMES WYMAN ADAMS

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Date of birth — March 16, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

All who saw the Senior Play know what a "Prince of Love" Wyman can be. Very handsome and most romantic, we say. Wyman has worked very hard this year as Editor-in-Chief of the **Advocate** and has filled his position with great efficiency and dignity. He has not only made a name for himself in these ways — but we wonder what the Glee Club would be without his earnest endeavors.

Glee Club 4. **Advocate** 3, 4. Student Council. Senior Play.



ELIZABETH ESTELLE EATON

*"A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat and quite in style."*

Date of birth — July 18, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Elizabeth possesses so many talents that we don't know just which one is the most important one. She can play the piano with great skill and ability as well as the mandolin, her songs are always charming to hear and we like to watch Betty draw; besides all these she has been a most efficient Literary Editor of the **Advocate**. Betty carries all these abilities lightly and is the most charming of companions — so nice to look at and so interesting to talk to. Betty is going to travel Framingham-wards to study Household Arts next year.

Advocate 3, 4. Secretary English Club, 3. Senior Play.
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Mandolin Club 4. Secretary Student Council 3.



CATHERINE ST. CLAIRE COATES

"God giveth speech to all, song to the few."

Date of birth — October 12, 1906.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

During all our N. H. S. days Kitty has been the "Apple of our eye." Last fall especially, we took keenest delight in following her voice as it rose above the "common herd," leading in the school songs. Her talent more than surprised us at the English Club entertainment when she sang a solo for us. Kitty also made a graceful Moonbeam Fairy in the Play this year. Our advice to her is "Keep up the good work."

Hockey 3.	Orchestra 1, 2, 3.	Senior Play
Glee Club 4.	Prom Committee 3.	Cheer Leader 4.
Advocate 3, 4.		



WILFRED JAMES GAUGHAN

"Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur."

Date of birth — August 31, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Hail the conquering hero! Napoleon, our play hero, certainly was a very passionate and enamored young man. It was with great pride that we watched Bill on the football and baseball fields our Sophomore year. As a Senior, he took the lead in things of literary and social interest when he was elected President of the Student Council, appointed Chairman of our Senior Prom Committee, and when he became one of the **Advocate** Staff.

Baseball 2. Football 2, 3. **Advocate** 4. Senior Play.
President Student Council 4. Chairman Prom Committee 4.
Glee Club.



KATHERINE BENEDICT

"Joy shared is joy doubled."

Date of birth — November 25, 1907.

Place of birth — Fitchburg, Mass.

"Kaybe" has always been represented to us as the Pollyanna of the class. It is often a marvel to us how she finds the bright side of a perplexing problem in or out of school. But, nevertheless, she is always present with a merry smile on her lips and a twinkle in her eyes. Kaybe gave us a true picture of a darky servant in our Senior Play. We know she will succeed next year at Framingham Normal School.

Hockey 3. Basketball Manager 4. Senior Play. **Advocate** 4.



RITA EASTER CAHILL

"Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot!"

Date of birth — March 31, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

She is small, but there is no limit to what she can do. We did not realize what an artist we had in our midst until we saw Rita dance in the English Club Program and again in the Senior Play. More than that she arranged the dance for all her little Moonbeams. This was no easy job — "Aye," say all the Moonbeams in one accord. Rita's ability in athletic lines was proved this year when she was chosen one of the three Senior girls who were given Individual Awards at the Girls' Gym Meet.

Basketball, 4. Senior Play.

Individual award in Girls' Gym Meet.

The Advocate

RUTH THURSTON



"Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great."

Date of birth — June 19, 1906.

Place of birth — Neponset, Mass.

Sometimes we are impressed by lively and more or less mischievous characters; then again we are attracted by the quiet individual. Ruth represents the latter type. Moreover, Ruth possesses the cherished quality of an unchanging, good disposition. There is nothing in her which artists call temperament, and such a rarity is appreciated a hundredfold. To Ruth we wish luck and predict success.

Senior Play.

Basketball 4.

WILLIAM THOMAS SIMONS



*"I shall ne'er 'ware of mine own wit
'Till I break my shins against it."*

Date of birth — March 13, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

This youth possesses the qualities of good humor and mirth. He is continually making the most droll of remarks, but the best part of his gift is its simplicity and naturalness. He seems to be recognized throughout the school as a witty and enjoyable person. Bill has aroused our love of humor in the Senior Play as Doctor Hubbard by his skilful off-hand remarks. Bill has great ability in the business world as we discovered when he fulfilled his duties as Business Manager of the *Advocate*.

Senior Play. Student Council 4. Senior Prom Committee.
Advocate 4.

IDA MAY SMITH



*"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."*

Date of birth — November 6, 1906.

Place of birth — East Walpole, Mass.

Ida May is one of our brilliant conversationalists — any trick remark that may be heard about the corridors we are sure originated in this well versed young lady. "Smit" is very musical, too, she played for our orchestra her third year and she provided all the romantic setting for the pantomime of the play, by her excellent playing. "Smit" plans to take up Kindergarten work, which choice we think wise, because she is very fond of children.

Orchestra 3. Glee Club 4. Senior Play.

KENNETH TROW

"Speech is great; but silence is greater."

Date of birth — January 10, 1907.

Place of birth — Roxbury, Mass.

A cloud of mysterious silence has always enveloped this fellow classmate. Very often we never know just what is going on in his thoughts, but we expect some day to learn of Ken's success in some unusual branch of business. Ken has not told us of his plans for the fall (perhaps because of natural reticence), but we wish him all kinds of good luck.



GRACE STEPHENSON

"Our patience will achieve more than our force."

Date of birth — September 2, 1907.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

The noisiest girl in N. H. S.! Anytime you pass through the corridors you can hear Grace shouting to some one. Grace's reserved and gentle character is very soothing placed in such a turbulent class as ours. We think that Grace is quite an artist at taking letters in Shorthand. No doubt she will use this skill in future work. Best luck to you, Grace.



MABEL GODFREY

"Fair tresses man's imperial race entrances."

Date of birth — February 11, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Mabel is one of the athletic members of our class. She has always been interested in hockey, basketball, and baseball. As goal-tender of the hockey team she stopped many a well-meaning ball from scoring for the other team. We hear from many sources that she is quite an artist at making fudge and playing the "Uke." Mabel's plans for next year are indefinite.



Basketball 4.

Senior Play.

Hockey 3, 4.

The Advocate



HAROLD TROWBRIDGE FULLER

"There is no policy like politeness."

Date of birth — December 8, 1908.

Place of birth — Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Harold is growing up! He is so tall that we cannot reach him without a step-ladder. Never mind, Harold, Abraham Lincoln was tall too. Harold is quite a chemist and moves about the laboratory with great dignity. He has become very eloquent lately, too. In Oral English he has surprised us many times with his ready flow of language. Harold is really a very earnest and hard worker and we know that he will fight right on to his goal.

Cheer Leader 3.

Senior Play, Stage Manager.



LOUISE VERONICA SMITH

"Fragrant as a crushed rose is the sweet flower of remembrance."

Date of birth — November 14, 1904.

Place of birth — Milton, Mass.

Louise's acting abilities surprised us when she took the part of the colored maid in the Senior Play. Louise is one of our dependable classmates. She does not flash about from one place to another but always does her best in her own corner.

Senior Play 4.



ELSIE SELINA BRIGGS

"Her every tone is music's own."

Date of birth — November 8, 1906.

Place of birth — London, England.

This young lady's playing during music period and orchestra has very often caused us to prick up our ears and listen. She always seems very matter-of-fact, however, and enjoys the simple things. Elsie was also awarded a prize in the Girls' Gym Meet because of her skill and efficiency.

Senior Play.

Orchestra 4.

Basketball 4.

Individual Award in Girls' Gym Meet.



ALFRED GROSS

"The shortest answer is doing."

Date of birth — August 13, 1906.

Place of birth — Leeds, England.

"Abie" is our true athletic hero. How we cheered and sang him on in the football games where, with a remarkable sense of leadership as captain, he led his team on to victory. "Abie" is not notorious for his love of talk, but we were certainly surprised at his ability in this art in Prize Speaking this year. We wish "Abie" the best of all luck and we are almost sure that cheers will follow him wherever he goes.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Advocate 3; 4.

Student Council 3, 4.

Prize Speaking 4.



FRANCES AGNES CRAWLEY

"Friendship is infinitely better than kindness."

Date of birth — March 8, 1907.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

"Fran" is one of our most agreeable and friendly classmates. She is always trying in some way to do something nice for one of her friends. Her willingness to help is one of her outstanding characteristics. We feel sure that she will make many friends at Framingham Normal School. "Fran" is our Head Usher for the Senior Play this year, a very efficient one, too.

Glee Club 4.



LEONARD CARL BERTCH

*"Happy am I from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content like me?"*

Date of birth — December 19, 1907.

Place of birth — Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

We believe that this classmate of ours possesses the supreme gift of happiness and contentment; we have never found him "out of sorts" with any one or anything. Whether he is in class or out, we always expect to find him agreeable and we have never been disappointed.





The Advocate



ETTA VIOLA DUVALL

"Concealed talent brings no reputation."

Date of birth — July 26, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Etta is so quiet and so modest that we can't brag about her very much, but we do know that she can do lots of things she won't tell us about; for instance write music. Etta composed the music for our class song. We are so grateful that we give three long cheers to Etta for her ability and willingness to help.

Etta V. Duvall.



GEORGE DOWNER

"Words of truth and soberness."

Date of birth — November 24, 1907.

Place of birth — Dover, Mass.

Here we see the star student of Law class! When no one else seems to know the answer to a perplexing problem, George is always present with his solution. Furthermore, we value George as a handy person to have around. As a property man in "39 East" he has saved us many long, tedious duties, and we thank him for the favors.

Senior Play Prop.



EDITH ELIZABETH BEALE

"For I am nothing, if not critical."

Date of birth — May 21, 1907.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Here we have, in our estimation, one of the most likable students of N. H. S. Edy is always ready to help some one along, and, what is more, she does her bit willingly. She is rarely ever seen without her reassuring smile of friendliness. We know she will succeed; she has "pep" and ambition.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3.

Mandolin Club 4.

Senior Play.



ELIZABETH STEVENS DESMOND

"Play up, play up, and play the game!"

Date of birth — November 6, 1907.

Place of birth — Newton, Mass.

Betty is our one and only feminine Athletic Enthusiast. She has been interested in every form of girls' sports which have been originated in this school during the last two years. Besides, she proved herself a faithful follower of Terpsichore when she danced as the "Spirit of Disillusion" in the Senior Play. Betty plans to attend the Boston School of Physical Education next year; we are positive that she will be accepted as an athletic instructor almost anywhere.

Basketball 4 Captain

Hockey 3, 4.

Advocate 4.

Senior Play

Individual Award in Girls' Meet 4.

Prom Committee 3.



EDWARD CHARLES HALEY

"Good humor may be said to be one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society."

Date of birth — October 7, 1907.

Place of birth — Brighton, Mass.

Ed has not been with us very long, but we certainly recognize the good when we see it. He was one of the most helpful football and hockey stars not to mention basketball. Ed's cheerful countenance is a sight to gladden our eyes, for we have never seen him the least bit peeved. Here's luck to you, Ed.

Hockey 4.

Football 4.

Glee Club 4.

Senior Play Prop.



MIRIAM CHAPIN KILMER

*"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free."*

Date of birth — March 21, 1906.

Place of birth — Somerville, Mass.

Do you hear that sudden unrestrained laugh? That's Mim Kilmer. Instead of helping her through hard places, Mim's sense of humor seems to make many difficult positions for her. She is a very interesting and jolly companion and good fun on a camping trip. Mim has a delightful, independent air about her which we all envy. We do not know what Mim plans to do next year, but we can be sure that she will make as big a place for herself among new friends as she has made among her old classmates.

Hockey 4.

The Advocate

JOHN DONOVAN GREENE



"Whose words all ears took captive."

Date of birth — August 20, 1908.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

May we present our class orator? Yes, many times John's voice has attracted us and held our attention. His ability was proved to us especially at Prize Speaking this year, when he justly won the first award. We are not sure, but we suspect, that John will some day become a second Daniel Webster.

Baseball 1, 2.

Prize Speaking 2, 3, 4.

Senior Play.

ESTELLE GLADYS HAMILTON

"Plain without pomp, and rich without a show."

Date of birth — September 4, 1906.

Place of birth — Roxbury, Mass.

Although Dolly entered our class a short while ago, we have already found her a most sociable and friendly chum. We must admit she seemed very quiet at first, but later her attractive manner won our hearts. She has given us an example of her acting ability in the Pantomime of the Senior Play. Dolly is undecided about her next year's work; but we think she would succeed in almost anything. We would like to ask Dollie why she goes to Dorchester so much. You live in Needham now, Dollie!

Senior Play Committee

Senior Play.

BERTHA ERNESTINE FAUST

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."*

Date of birth — February 28, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Bertha is our poetess. Our Class Song is an example of her ability. Isn't she alluring, yet forbidding, as the "Spirit of the City" in the Pantomime of "39 East?" Bertha is a most companionable classmate, always interested in other folks. Her pleasant ways make her very dear to us and we wish her the best of luck in whatever work she intends to pursue. We think that she is planning to go to Bates next year.

Orchestra 1, 2.

Senior Play

Basketball.





JOSEPH WILLIAM WAGNER

*"Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is brotherhood."*

Date of birth — December 12, 1906.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

For the last two years "Heinie" has been a bright star on our football and baseball teams. In fact we believe that he is one of the most enthusiastic of pig-skin chasers on our team. He has given his able support to the baseball team for four years. We do not know what "Heinie" expects to do next year, but we suggest some form of athletic position.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Hockey 3.

Stage Manager of Senior Play.

Football 3, 4.

Glee Club 4.



AMELIA MARY CHAMBERS

"A maid in all her charms."

Date of birth — November 9, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Amelia's curly hair is the envy of everyone, especially on a rainy day when we others who are not blessed by the fates, are struggling with straight and straggling locks. Besides this, we hear that "Meem" is quite a violin artist, although few of us have ever had the opportunity to hear her. Amelia is undecided about her future career; we wonder if she will be a great musician.



JANE PIERCE

*"And like the ocean's haunting lure to me,
Deep in her eyes I read mystery:—"*

Date of birth — October 5, 1907.

Place of birth — West Roxbury, Mass.

Jane is one of our petite members; consequently, we found her a very entrancing fairy sprite in the pantomime of "39 East." Janie is always bubbling over with enthusiasm and vigor. She frequently amuses us with her rapid conversation and we hesitate in following her. Next year Jane is planning to go to "Portia Law School" and obtain her degree. At some future reunion we shall be pleased to meet the favorite lawyer.

Senior Play.

The Advocate



ROLAND LEWIS STUDLEY

"Self trust is the first secret of success."

Date of birth — December 31, 1907.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Stud presents himself to us as the amateur chemist; he seems to take great pleasure in concocting mysterious mixtures and in learning involved equations to be recited for our amusement. In Stud we have found an able and efficient leader of the English Club.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.	Senior Play.	English Club President 4.
Cheer Leader 3.		Student Council 4.



EVA BEATRICE CHAMBERLAIN

*"Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still!"*

Date of birth — May 24, 1906.

Place of birth — Dedham, Mass.

Eva is undoubtedly one of our most efficient helpers. She does her work quickly and carefully, and, furthermore, finishes it well and orderly. As the captain of the Girls' Basketball Team this year, she has given us a worthy example of her skill in athletics. We feel sure that there is a high place on the ladder of success for our classmate.

Hockey 4.	Basketball Captain 4.
Student Activity Treasurer's Assistant 4.	



RUTH GORDON

"Quietness is best."

Date of birth — March 13, 1907.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Ruth is one of the very quietest members of our class — usually. But, oh my! She certainly has lofty ambitions to succeed in her future career. Ruthie tells us that she intends to go to Framingham Normal School next year where she expects to take up Household Arts. We have noticed that she likes to cook and we know that her future work will be interesting to her.

Glee Club 4.

LEWIS CHARLES DONAHUE



"What should a man do but be merry?"

Date of birth — April 5, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

We are almost positive that "Chubby's" pleasing plumpness is a result of his constant merriment and good humor; we have yet to discover that person or thing toward which Charlie may have ever borne a grudge. But again it might be possible that he is the official sampler of confections in a certain drug store and obtained his weight thus. Charlie will surely enliven any business to which he happens to turn.

Football 3, 4.

Hockey Manager 4.

Senior Play.

MAE MACDONALD



"A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm."

Date of birth — May 1, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Mae is Miss Berriman's right hand man during second period for many are the letters she has typed. Although she has not lived in our town all the time, she has remained one of our class and a very sweet member, too. Mae played Hockey last year and this year she played Basketball besides. We have heard that Mae has a very pretty singing voice, but she has not favored us except by joining the Glee Club. She expects to go to Business College next year, and will, no doubt, be an efficient secretary.

Hockey 3, 4.

Basketball 4.

Glee Club 4.

VIOLA EMILY THOMAS



*"Her smiling, sae wilng
Wad make a wretch forget his woe."*

Date of birth — August 19, 1907.

Place of birth — Walpole, Mass.

Alert and businesslike Viola is ready to take dictation at any time. How rapidly those letters are finished on the typewriter by her nimble fingers! We like to have Viola for a member of our class because she is so efficient and so pleasant too.

The Advocate



ELEANOR MARIE RYAN

*"A friend who knows, and dares to say
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way."*

Date of birth — July 16, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Eleanor has a gift for humor and a tendency toward good comradeship that makes each one of us respect and admire her. She furnished much amusement for us in the Senior Play when she took the part of the Widow Smith. Eleanor is also quite a dancing teacher, we hear. We think that something in that sort of work would afford an excellent career for her.

Prize Speaking 2.

Vice-President of Class 2.

Senior Play.

Basketball.



JOHN JAMES WHETTON

*"Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy."*

Date of birth — October 21, 1906.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Johnny's career in N. H. S. has been a useful and varied one. We can remember back in the Freshman year how thrilled we were by his athletic abilities, especially in football. We can also remember how he told about his "Grandfather Squeers" in Prize Speaking long ago in '22. Any queer sound that may have been heard from the orchestra these past four years may be attributed to Johnnie's "sax." He told us that his plans for next year were either to go to school or get a wife. If he chooses the latter, we feel that we are pretty safe in saying that West Roxbury will be the hunting ground.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Captain 4.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4.

Glee Club 4.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

Advocate 1.

Prize Speaking 1.

Senior Play.



ALICE LILLIAN OSBORNE

"She looks like morning roses newly wash'd with dew."

Date of birth — February 23, 1907.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

This fair damsel's accomplishments are numerous and varied. She is our most skillful Art Editor of the **Advocate** and her graceful sketches and designs have often times won our admiration. Alice followed the role of the shy sister in the Senior Play, excellently. Alice has also been one of the social lights of the class from the Freshman year upward and seems very fond of dancing. Good luck next year, Alice.

Senior Play.

Advocate 3, 4.

Senior Prom Committee 4.



FLORENCE WILLIAMSON RICE

"Speech is external thought, and thought is internal speech."

Date of birth — July 7, 1908.

Place of birth — Ashmont, Mass.

Florence's talent as displayed in "39 East" have forced us to realize her powers in art. She certainly is an actress! Florence enjoys speaking as we realized in Prize Speaking, Junior year. She has also taken a leading part in the social events of this year as a member of the Senior Prom Committee.

Field Hockey 3, 4.	Senior Play.	Vice-President 3.
Student Council 3.	Basketball 3.	Prom Committee 3, 4.
Prize Speaking 3.		



VIRGINIA HORTENSE SMITH

"Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad?"

Date of birth — March 13, 1907.

Place of birth — Milton, Mass.

Virginia is so friendly and happy that she makes us all envious. Did you ever see Virginia when she was not smiling? We are all very fond of Virginia and love to have her numbered in our class. Wasn't she a lovely Moonbeam in her pink costume?

Senior Play.



PHYLLIS AUGUSTA RICHARDSON

"Sentiments! don't tell me of sentiment; what have I to do with sentiment!"

Date of birth — March 9, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Phyllis has had the singular honor of having won Second Prize in the Prize Speaking Contest last year and this year, too. We enjoy hearing Phyl talk anyway, and we do not at all feel that Prize Speaking Contests are necessary to bring out this ability. Phyl is "heaps of fun" with her dry humor and her readiness of wit. She is everybody's good friend and we feel sure that she will make a big place for herself in the Boston School of Physical Education next year.

Senior Play.

Prize Speaking 3, 4.

The Advocate



PHYLLIS ADELE ROBINSON

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Date of birth — July 12, 1906.

Place of birth — Cornish, Maine.

We do not hear much from Phyl but we love to look at her because she always looks so nice. She stays so quietly at the back of our English Class that we forget she is there until she gives an oral theme. Once in a while we see a little of Phyl after school flashing about in that car of hers. We think she is a pretty good motorist, too.



BEATRICE ELIZABETH LOVERING

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

Date of birth — October 7, 1907.

Place of birth — Roslindale, Mass.

Bea is the great organizer of our class. She seems very quiet and reserved but she certainly fools us by her attitude because she is a very dear and jolly comrade. Bea is very fond of camping trips — especially in a little place called Billerica. In the Senior Play her portrayal of *Poverty* was very picturesque. We expect to hear of Bea forming various clubs and societies at Framingham Normal School next year, for she is to be one of the group that is going there.

Senior Play.



IDA O'CONNER

*"A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience."*

Date of birth — February 1, 1906.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Ida's calmness is very soothing to us, especially in the turbulent classes of Shorthand and Typewriting. Her readiness and willingness to help have been a boon to us many times when we have been in tight places. Just carry these tranquil and dependable qualities into the business world with you, Ida, and you'll be a huge success!

RUTH PRESCOTT ROFFE



"For the good are always the merry."

Date of birth — February 26, 1907.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Ruth is another jolly member of our class. Her good nature carries her along over many difficulties; especially those of Shorthand and Typewriting. Ruth is quite a historian, too. Mr. Frost predicts quite a future for her in this line—but she is undecided as to what she is going to do next year.

FRANK VELLALI



"On their own merit modest men are dumb."

Date of birth — July 12, 1906.

Place of birth — Franklin, Mass.

Most willing and obliging of classmates is Frank. We like to have Mr. Vellali with us because he is always so friendly and cheerful. His girlish blush is one of his attractions, too, as we noticed at the rehearsals of the Senior Play. Frank's musical tendencies were well displayed in Glee Club; but they were far better noticed in "39 East." We think that he makes a very tragic and romantic Count.

Football 2, 4.

Glee Club 4.

Senior Play.

Secretary of Student Council.

Baseball Manager 3.

ETHEL IRENE ROPER



"There was a maiden — a very trim maiden."

Date of birth — September 18, 1906.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

We were surprised when Ethel came out for basketball this year, for she did not join us in many of our activities; we were very glad to have her though, because she could shoot many a good basket for our team. Ethel is one of our Commercial students and intends to continue in that work.

Basketball 4.

The Advocate



MARGARET MORRISON

"Talking is one of the fine arts."

Date of birth — October 15, 1905.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Peg is just about the liveliest person we know. However gloomy the surroundings may be, Peg always may be depended upon to liven things up, for she is the life of any party. Peg, as we understand, goes every morning without fail to the Post Office for a letter (or two), stamped N. J.—well, all right, we won't say anything more. She tells us she intends to train for a nurse next fall with Alice Pehrson. Good luck, Peg.



JOHN VINCENT MULHERIN

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."

Date of birth — December 5, 1907.

Place of birth — Cambridge, Mass.

"Red" has come out! Did you see him win the Elimination Prize at the Senior Prom? Charming exhibition! We found that he was quite an Athletic star when he made the Football and Hockey teams last year. He played important parts on them this year, too. We never knew that "Red" could sing before, but he seems to have made a good attempt in the Senior play—he is a fine actor, too.

Football 3, 4.

Hockey, 3, 4.

Senior Play

Baseball 2.

RAYMOND ALBERT MERRILL

"Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties."

Date of birth — December 21, 1907.

Place of birth — Barre, Vt.

Raymond is one of those chaps who gets more enjoyment out of life than most of us. He is a conscientious, easy-going type of fellow, seldom complaining, and accepting all things as a matter of course. He always has a smile on his face — that well-known expression of good humor. We shall miss you, Raymond.

Glee Club 4.

Athletics

WEARERS OF THE

N

FOOTBALL

1925		1926		1927
A. Gross, Captain	J. Whalen, Capt. elect	S. Adams		
W. Gaughan	W. Matthes	E. Johnson		
J. Wagner	L. Nelson	F. Castignetti		
V. Mulherin	E. Waining	J. Drinkwater		
S. Ladd	W. Newcomb			
E. Haley	D. Mitchel			
J. Whetton	L. Devine			
C. Donahue	R. Smith			
F. Vellali				
W. Caunt, Manager				

BASEBALL

1925		1926		1927
J. Whetton, Captain	J. Whelan	E. Johnson		
A. Gross	E. Waining			
J. Wagner	W. Matthes			
S. Ladd	W. Corbett			
Geo. Burgess, Manager				

HOCKEY

1925		1926		1927
S. Ladd, Captain	E. Waining, Captain	E. Johnson		
E. Haley	W. Matthes			
V. Mulherin	L. Nelson			
C. Donahue, Manager				
J. Wagner				

FIELD HOCKEY

1925		1926		1927
E. Rideout, Manager	B. Whelan, Captain	J. Keltie		
E. Chamberlain	E. Gillespie	E. Rohn		
A. Atkins	V. Killam			
E. Desmond	V. Tinker			
M. MacDonald	R. Newcomb			
F. Rice	E. Jarvis	1928		
M. Godfrey	R. Adams	D. Adams		

CHEER LEADERS

1925		1926	
D. Gray	H. Preble		
C. Coates	B. Whalen		



THE HOCKEY TEAM

Athletic Notes

Hockey Games

MELROSE vs. NEEDHAM

The Needham team played their first game of the season with Melrose. The boys made a very good showing for a new team, the final score being 1-0 in favor of Melrose.

NATICK vs. NEEDHAM

The second game of the season was played with Natick on the new rink. Needham was able to nose out her opponents with a score of 1-0, Chilson making the only goal of the game. A large number of the student body was present at this game.

WELLESLEY vs. NEEDHAM

This game, played with Wellesley on our home rink, proved to be the hardest fought game of the season thus far. Wellesley, by means of good team work and even better goal guarding, won with a score of 2-1. Stanwood of Wellesley scored twice while Haley scored Needham's only goal.

WATERTOWN vs. NEEDHAM

Our second victory of four starts was scored over Watertown on the home rink. The coaching of Mr. Delano was very noticeable in the improved team work which the boys showed. Carter scored twice for Needham and Mayo made the only goal for Watertown.

WALTHAM vs. NEEDHAM

Another victory was added to Needham's growing list when the boys played Waltham on the home rink. The final result was 6-2 which was indeed a very convincing score. Ladd, Potter, and Carter each scored twice for Needham, while O'Day put the puck in the net for our opponents.

THE ALUMNI vs. NEEDHAM

Needham played its sixth game with the Alumni and vanquished them 7-2. Carter stormed for Needham with 4 goals. One each went to Matthes, Ladd, and Lambert. Mills of the Alumni scored 2 points.

FRAMINGHAM vs. NEEDHAM

Framingham met a crushing defeat when they tackled Needham on her home rink. The game was the fifth win out of seven starts and showed a lot of improvement over some of the previous contests. The playing was slowed up considerably by the continued fall of snow. Carter, Ladd, Lambert, and Matthes scored the Needham tallies, making a total result 10-0.

WELLESLEY vs. NEEDHAM

We played our second game with Wellesley on our own rink and once again were defeated, by a score of 2-0. This game was also hindered by a light fall of snow, which, as before, seemed to slow up the playing a great deal. The two Wellesley scores were made by Melay and Cummings.

WALTHAM vs. NEEDHAM

Our second game with Waltham was played on the Needham rink, and once again the boys' beat them. This time the score was only 3-0, Ladd making all the tallies.

NATICK vs. NEEDHAM

The last game of a very successful season was played with Natick, and once again we emerged victorious, with a result 4-1. This last win gave the Needham boys a total of seven victories out of ten starts. Carter contributed 3 goals and Waining 1 to Needham's score, while Harriot of Natick scored their one lone goal.

A Football Epic

By ALFRED GROSS, '25

The setting sun was burning red
As down the field the halfback sped,
No tackler seized his flying heels
And now across the goal he reels.

The crowd was in a frenzied mood,
Some applauded; others booed;
They hanged him from the nearest pole —
Because he'd crossed his own team's goal.

The Advocate

Girls' Basketball

By BETTY DESMOND, '25

This year began the first season of indoor basketball for the girls. Interclass teams were organized with the following captains: Senior, Mae MacDonald; Junior, Margaret Seymour; Sophomore, Ruth Thomas; Freshmen, Miriam Gay.

Later in the season a Varsity team was organized. Betty Desmond was nominated captain and Katherine Benedict was appointed manager.

The interclass class games were arranged in the form of a tournament. The games played were:

Juniors	8 — Freshmen	26
Seniors	24 — Sophomores	18
Freshmen	25 — Seniors	21
Seniors	19 — Juniors	17
Freshmen	30 — Sophomores	14

	Won	Lost
Freshmen	3	0
Seniors	2	1
Juniors	0	3
Sophomores	0	3

The first regular game was with Norwood High at Norwood. Norwood played an excellent passing game. They were much more experienced than the Needham team so the resulting score was 20 to 15 in their favor. The lineup:

Norwood		Needham
Rosengran	f.	Atkins, Seymour
Wolf	f.	Gay, Chamberlain
Smith	f.	Carlone, Adams
Karshis	g.	Desmond
Skobing	g.	Stevens
Lydon, Johnston	g.	{ Donahue Woodruff MacDonald

Timer: Mr. Murray.

Periods: 4-8 minutes.

Score: Norwood 20; Needham 15.

Gym Meet

By BETTY DESMOND, '25

April 3, the girls held their first Gym Meet. Although only a short time was spent in preparation, the Meet was very successful. This success was due largely to Miss Tarbell, our physical director.

Each class marched, gave a drill, a folk dance, and an exhibition of apparatus work; and was judged on those four types.

The judges were, Miss Katherine Colton and Miss Margaret McGowen, students of the Wellesley College Department of Hygiene and Physical Education; Miss Margaret Epplin and Miss Charlotte Smith from the Boston School of Physical Education.

The Meet was won by the Senior Class. Individual awards were given in each class to those who had their numbers put down by the judges as doing especially well in three out of the four things. The awards were presented as follows:

Senior Class	Sophomore Class
Rita Cahill	Phyllis Clarke
Elsie Briggs	Helen Crawley
Betty Desmond	
Junior Class	Freshman Class
Evelyn Handon	Doris Adams
Ruth Newcomb	Jane Loomis
Eleanor Jarvis	Margaret Rideout
	Betty Darrah

Girls of '25

By ALICE PEHRSON, '25

Hail, O girls with orange ties,
Senior class of '25,
O'er our heads the banner flies
In the praise of '25.

You have ris'n above the rest
Senior class of '25,
You have giv'n your very best
To the name '25.

Apparatus, dance, and drill
Senior class of '25.
These in others may instill
Fame and praise to '25.

Report of Senior Class

President, Samuel Ladd.

Vice-President, Donald Gray.

Secretary, William Caunt.

Treasurer, George Burgess.

The activities of the Senior Class have been many during the past few months. The first Senior Dance was held on December 20th and proved a success insofar that the class realized nearly twenty-nine dollars. At an early meeting of the class various committees were appointed to fulfill some of the many requirements of the class. The Gift Committee, with Miss Briggs as the chairman, reported at the meeting of January 6, and made suggestions for suitable gifts to the school by the class. However, it was voted that we postpone any action on this subject to a later date when it would be known how much money we actually had in the Treasury.

Early in the winter Donald Nickerson of the senior class met with a serious accident and it was moved that we select a committee to provide for a remembrance to be sent to him while he lay in the hospital. This was done and the committee acted favorably on the matter.

At an early meeting of the class it was also moved that we have a picture committee appointed to give some suggestions in regard to the selection of a class photographer. This committee was composed of Miss Robinson, Miss Osborne, and Mr. Mulhern. Later this committee brought samples from different photographers and the prices and other directions explained before the class. The final selection was the Purdy Studios of Boston. It was voted unanimously to pay for the **Advocate** cuts out of the Class Treasury. Members were urged to have their pictures taken as early as possible so that the composite for the class would be completed before June. All pictures were taken with great success. The composites were distributed in May and proved very satisfactory.

The Senior class was prominent in

athletics. In Hockey the class was represented by Capt. Samuel Ladd, Edward Haley, Vincent Mulhern and Joseph Wagner. In baseball, by Capt. John Whetton, Samuel Ladd, Alfred Gross, Joseph Wagner. The girls also were organized into basketball teams and played with the other classes.

The committee for the annual Senior Play were selected at a meeting held late in December. This committee consisted of Miss Benedict, Miss Hamilton, Miss Baker, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Simons, and Mr. Gross. They selected from among many the play "39 East," a comedy in three acts. Tryouts were held for the parts on Monday, March 9, and the final cast chosen on Wednesday, March 11. At the time of this writing the play is almost ready for production and is to be performed on May 22 and 23.

The Senior Prom, the social event of the school year, was held on April 17th and was a success in every way. The Woodlawn Collegiate Orchestra was obtained for the occasion and was very well received. The Prom was attended by approximately seventy couples.

On the second of March ballots were distributed to obtain the popular vote of the class characters for the **Advocate** and the results, which were very interesting and amusing, are to be found on another page of this issue.

A sad event occurred on March 10 of this year which will be remembered a great many years by members of the class. This was the death of Albert Chilson, one of the most popular members of our class and a boy who was a participant in sports and one of the star hockey players of this year's team. His death, caused by scarlet fever, came as a shock to the whole school and caused the suspension of exercises for two hours during the funeral on Wednesday morning, March 11.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM CAUNT.

Alumni Notes

Alumni and Commencement

It is hard to realize that in a very few weeks, we, the Class of 1925, will automatically become members of the Alumni. Herefore this name has seemed to represent a great body of men and women who have entered and passed on through the halls of N. H. S. Having once left the school they seemed to have lost all their interest in school activities. This is more or less natural since greater problems demand their attention outside. It is true that some still linger in the shadow of N. H. S. and pay us a fleeting visit "to look over the school," but the majority show no outward attachment. No doubt there still remains a deep affection in their hearts, and memories of days once passed in high school, but they seem to have adopted the adage, "Let bygones be bygones," and think only of the present and the future.

It is probable that the Class of '25 will become one of the same band, soon forgetting high school days in the presence of more urgent matters. Just now we feel that we shall never lose our connection with high school. What a pity that attitude can't last longer and keep us more interested in the activities of N. H. S. Let us make a resolution to the effect that commencement means only an open doorway into higher places of the world and not a barred gate in which is imprisoned all our former interest in school activities. Why not make this resolution and then be the first to carry it through? Alumni, take notice and do your part to help us succeed by renewing your former relations with N. H. S.



George Hansis and George Davis, '24, are evidently having the best of success at Dartmouth. We wonder if the college realizes what an addition they have acquired from N. H. S.

The Classes of '22, '23, '24

(As we remember them)

Class of '22

- R. H.—We envied his many-colored "bug."
- E. J.—We wouldn't have minded being her pupils.
- M. T.—The "honest-to-goodness 'grind'."
- H. H.—She was always pleasant; never a snob.

Class of '23

- D. G.—More or less of a grouch.
- D. A.—She should be an actress.
- H. L.—He will make an excellent ghost.
- 2B. G.—We always thought they were twins.
- S. B.—A great chemist.
- W. W.—A woman of moods.

Class of '24

- W. G.—He is still with us; no comment.
- R. M.—She was a wonder at the typewriter.
- J. R.—We admired him for his athletics.
- R. W.—His hair was the first and only thing we noticed.
- H. A.—Evidently the genuine "heart-breaker."
- E. T.—We, like every one else, admired her curly hair.
- D. B.—What *was* the matter with her hair?
- G. D.—So tall we almost never saw him.
- P. P.— }
M.K.— } The great artists.
- G. H.—Was there ever a more conscientious student?

Miss Evelyn P. Locke, '08, was married on April 7, 1924, to Mr. Frank Kettley of Dover.



The Advocate acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges.

The Nobleman, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Mass.

The Abhis, Abington High School, Abington, Mass.

The Blake Torch, Blake School, Minn.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Mass.

The Artisan, Mechanics Arts High School, Boston, Mass.

The School Life, Melrose High School, Mass.

The Presque Isle High School Ship, Presque Isle High School, Me.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Mass.

The Voice, Concord High School, Mass.

The Profile, Plymouth High School, N. H.

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School, Mass.

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

The Item, Dorchester High School, Mass.

The Imp, Brighton High School, Mass.

The Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

The Reflector, Woburn High School, Mass.

The Shuttle, High School of Practical Arts, Mass.

The Jeffersonian, Jefferson Junior High School, N. Y.

The Quill, Barrett High School, Henderson, Kentucky.

The Burdett Lion, Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

The Pilgrim, Plymouth High School, Mass.

The Garnet and White, West Chester High School, N. Y.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Mass.

The Clipper, Monmouth High School, Ill.

The Tatler, Hummelston High School, Pa.

The Brewster, Brewster Free Academy, Wolfboro, N. H.

Peters' Piper, Peters High School, Southborough, Mass.

The Unquity Echo, Milton High School, Mass.

The Spotlight, Valley Junction High School, Iowa.

The Angus, Gardner High School, Mass.

The Semaphone, Stoughton High School, Mass.

Boston University News, Boston University.

The Shield, Haddonfield High School, N. J.

The Parrot, Rockland High School, Mass.

The Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

The Blue Pencil, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

The Blue and Gold, Malden High School, Mass.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg High School, Mass.

The Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Mass.

The Broadcast, Everett High School, Mass.

The Pine Cone, Pine Grove High School, Pine Grove, Pa.

The Advocate

The Partridge, Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Mass.

The Chimes, Scituate High School, Scituate, Mass.

The Hermaid, Hingham High School, Mass.

The Acorn, Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Tex.

The Arguenat, Norwood High School, Mass.

The Mirror, Dedham High School, Mass.



What Others Think of Us

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—A fine paper. The poetry seems to be a striking feature. *The Wampatuck*, Braintree, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—Your editorial department is good but why bread up the pages with poems. *The Partridge*, Duxbury, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—**The Advocate** comes to us from Needham, Massachusetts. You certainly make use of your literary talent. Your paper is "A number one" from cover to cover. We haven't enough adjectives to show the merits of it. Please come again. *The Brocktonia*, Brockton, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—**The Advocate** from Needham certainly has some fine poems and a well-developed French department. We think it is a very complete paper. *The Uniquity Echo*, Milton, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—Your department headings are very artistic. We like your poems and stories. "The Children's Corner" is very amusing. *The Reflector*, Woburn, Mass.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—Your humor and editorial departments certainly deserve praise. We are proud to have you on our exchange list. *The Burdett Lion*, Burdett College, Boston.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—You have a fine paper. You must have splendid talent to draw from in order to produce so fine a literary department. We desire also to congratulate you on your exchange department which we consider one of the best we have seen. *The Jeffersonian*, Rochester, N. Y.

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—Your stories, which are of a great number and variety, are certainly worthy of comment. Your cartoons are very original. *The Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.





Authentic Vote of the Senior Class

1. Best looking girl: 1st, Alice Osborne; 2nd, Eleanor Ryan.
2. Best looking boy: 1st, Wyman Adams; 2nd, Samuel Ladd.
3. Wittiest: 1st, William Simmons; 2nd, George Burgess.
4. Most popular girl: 1st, Betty Desmond; 2nd, Elizabeth Eaton.
5. Most popular boy: 1st, Samuel Ladd; 2nd, Alfred Gross.
6. Done most for N. H. S.: 1st, Alfred Gross; 2nd, William Simmons.
7. Biggest Bluffer: 1st, John Whetton; 2nd, Florence Rice.
8. Best dressed girl: 1st, Elizabeth Eaton; 2nd, Florence Rice.
9. Best dressed boy: 1st, Donald Gray; 2nd, Wyman Adams.
10. Most to be admired: 1st, Katherine Benedict; 2nd, Esther Baker.
11. Best athlete: 1st, Alfred Gross; 2nd, Joseph Wagner.
12. Most likely to succeed: 1st, Esther Baker; 2nd, Donald Gray.
13. Greatest social light: 1st, Florence Rice; 2nd, Wilfred Gaughan.
14. Nerviest: 1st, Roland Studley; 2nd, Phyllis Robinson.
15. Greatest grind: 1st, Bertha Faust; 2nd, Harold Fuller.
16. Meekest: Kenneth Trow, William Caunt (Tie).
17. Noisiest: Edith Beale, Harold Fuller (Tie).
18. Laziest: George Burgess, Leonard Bertch (Tie).
19. Best natured: 1st, Charles Donahue; 2nd, Katherine Benedict.
20. Windiest: 1st, Florence Rice; 2nd, John Greene.
21. The loudest laugh: 1st, William Simmons; 2nd, Mabel Godfrey.
22. The worst line: 1st, Phyllis Richardson; 2nd, Leonard Bertch.
23. The sheik: 1st, Frank Vellali; 2nd, Raymond Merrill.
24. The sheba: 1st, Mabel Godfrey; 2nd, Catherine Coates.
25. The biggest feet: 1st, J. Whetton; 2nd, Florence Rice.
26. The smallest feet: 1st, Alice Pehrson; 2nd, Rita Cahill.
27. The nearest perfect: 1st, Esther Rideout; 2nd, Alice Osborne.
28. The hardest worker: 1st, Jane Peirce; 2nd, Frank Vellali.
29. The drug store cowboy: 1st, Edward Haley; 2nd, Frank Vellali.
30. The tough luck: 1st, Vincent Mulherin; 2nd, Joseph Wagner.
31. The alibi slinger: 1st, Harold Fuller; 2nd, George Downer.
32. The orator: John Greene (Unanimous).
33. The fastest: Wilfred Gaughan; John Whetton (Tie).

Teacher—"Take this sentence. Let the cow be taken out! What mood?"

Pupil—"The cow?"

An army officer decided to see for himself how his sentries were doing their duty. He was somewhat surprised at overhearing the following:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend—With a bottle."

"Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."

One mother who considers Marcel waves as the most fashionable way of dressing the hair was at work on the job.

Her little eight-year-old girl was crouched on her father's lap watching her mother. Every once in a while the baby fingers would slide over the smooth and glossy pate which is the Father's. "No wave for you, Father," remarked the little one. "You're all beach."

Judge (to prisoner)—"If you were there with no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stocking feet?"

Prisoner—"I 'eard there wus sickness in the family, yer honor."

"Dear Mr. Cold-Gate:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

A. Frosh."

Preble—"Miss Tarbell, where are the thumb rules?"

Miss Currie—"What would 'cohort,' the English derivation of 'cohortatus' mean?"

Freshman—"Isn't it sort of a shell fish?"

Mr. Wolfe—"What is the first law of gravity?"

Local Agent—"Never laugh at your own jokes."

Epitaph on ex-bartender's gravestone:
"This is on me, boys."

A Breach of Etiquette

Never hit a woman with a child; use something else.

The principal was exceedingly angry. "So you confess that this unfortunate young fellow was carried to the pond and drenched? What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

"The right leg, sir," answered the Soph meekly.

Long—"Why don't you eat your sandwich?"

Dilworth—"I'm waiting for the mustard to cook."

Ross—"I feel much better, Doctor. The only thing that troubles me is my breathing."

Doctor—"Um, yes. We must do something to stop that."

Citizen—"That's my car. A thief is just fixing a blowout."

Policeman—"All right, I'll go over and arrest him."

Citizen—"Sh-h-h! Wait till he gets the tire pumped up."

"Is your wife old?"

"Old? When they brought in her birthday cake last time, six guests fainted with the heat."

Mrs. Newlywed (to the butcher)—"I want some lard."

Butcher—"Pail?"

Mrs. N. W.—"Oh! does it come in different shades?"

There is an old adage which says, "When in Rome behave like a Roman." True, but try and be a buffalo in Buffalo.

"I would face death for you!"

"Then why did you run away from that dog?"

"It wasn't dead."

NEVER

—strike a man when he's down. You can't tell how big he'll be when he gets up.

—make love in a buggy. Even horses carry tales.

—bite your finger-nails. Remember what happened to Venus.

—serenade your girl. You can't tell what her father may not need around the house.

Gravy—"Why does an Indian wear feathers in his head?"

Ham—"Well, why does he?"

Gravy—"To keep his wigwam."

"Dear Bob:

A short time ago I met a pretty girl with lots of money. I am engaged to her and I just discovered that she has a glass eye. Shall I break it?"

Student—Julius Caesar was noted for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.

Roger Babson says that if all the students in Wellesley College were lined up at 7.30 A.M. they would stretch from 7.30 to 8.30.

A Fly

By GEORGE BERTCH, '25

He buzzes through the fragrant air
Whirring, swerving, debonair,
Gliding gently with seeming ease
A tiny rider on the breeze.

He lazily glides into the room
And hangs above us on the wall;
No time has he for sorrow or gloom
He never thinks of books at all.

Oh! That I were a tiny fly!
I'd not content myself at home
I'd make my only roof the sky,
I'd have the world in which to roam.

"If"

(With apologies to Kipling)

By HARRIET FLEMMING, '26

If you can write all spelling words and not make mistake,

If you can parse a noun, and conjugate the verb "to take,"

If you can pass a searching test on the life of any man,
If you can only make your teacher think you understand

The error in the sentence, "Me and Bill climbed up the hill,"

If you can prove to her you know the use of "shall" and "will,"

And you can write a lengthy theme at any time of day,
You're quite a student—what is more you ought to get an "A".

The Golfer

By ROLAND STUDLEY, '25

Dedicated to "*Jean D. Vert*"

Down the transplanted heather
There comes the cry of "Fore!"
'Tis the golfiac
Upon the track
Of some elusive score.

He yields a cleek, a mashie
A stymie and a tee
(I speak by guess
For I confess)
They're all the same to me.

His good Highland phrases
He freely punctuates
With Scottish airs
But when he swears
Its plain United States.

To E. E. B.

By KATHERINE BENEDICT, '25

An ever ready flow of speech,
A tendency towards mood,
A frank and friendly grin, to reach
Our hearts and spread its good
A fleeting dart of angry rage
Forgotten instantly
A final trait so worldly sage
Completes my ode to thee.

The Flight of N. H. S.

The pupils of Needham High School closed their books for the last time on a certain Friday in February. They parted from their friends with a casual "See you above."

It was nearing midnight; the pale moonlight gradually changing to a white mist. When the hour approached a voice seemed to call. One pupil awoke, rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Ah! then he remembered, of course it was time to start on his journey. Hopping out of bed, he quickly donned a long white robe with wings attached, which had been mysteriously laid over the foot of his bed. He looked around, saw nothing he wished to take so he perched himself for a moment on his windowsill and looked his last on all familiar objects which could be seen through this unusual atmosphere. With a last look he flapped his wings and started on his long ascending journey.

As this pupil flew higher he perceived many others like himself making their way upward. The first stopping place was the moon. Here they refreshed themselves and found Russell Seaver busy spreading mustard on hot dogs for the weary travelers. As they progressed they saw Miss Churchill having some difficulty because her golf bag, which was slung on her back, rather hindered the movements of her wings. Under her arms she carried her precious volumes of Fielding.

The next refreshment booth was situated on a peculiar planet which was perfectly flat so that it gave one the impression of a vast floor covered with a deep blue rug. Growing all over this carpet were white mushrooms and as one approached they observed Donald Mitchel calmly seated on one serving pink lemonade and lady-fingers.

As one rose higher one met more and more of his classmates and teachers. Here one saw Erving Ross making heavy weather of a huge ice cream freezer which he was endeavoring to take with him. There was Catherine

Groves with a large, half-finished encyclopedia under her arm and some ink and a pen in her hand. Later, Mildred Packard with several volumes of cross-word puzzles, a dictionary, and a pencil was seen. One floated by Evelyn Hansen minus one wing.

At last St. Peter's gate loomed in the distance — a huge, iron gate surrounded by clouds. By the gate stood a white-robed figure with long, flowing beard and white hair waiting the arrival of the oncoming procession. There was now no further need for wings because the travelers were now walking on a bed of clouds. This long, white-robed procession was led by the famous "Deacon." How proudly he flapped his shining white wings as he led N. H. S. on to St. Peter's Gate. Deacon spoke a few words to the long-bearded gate-keeper and then with a swish of his long white robe, he turned to face his comrades and teachers. He informed them that St. Peter wished to speak with them personally before allowing them to pass.

The light was similar to that of pale, greenish moonlight and all about were clouds.

It was noticed that Sir Walter Riley was one of the first to go forward so that he might assist St. Peter by being gate tender. Miss Caswell was then seen keeping them in single file. Miss Tarbell was unusually busy counting the multitude.

Everything went smoothly for a time and then there seemed to be some delay which afterwards proved to be Mr. Frost arguing with St. Peter when he learned that detention classes were not allowed in the spiritual realm. The next in line was the IIA Latin student. He stood blankly before St. Peter as the old gentleman seemed to hesitate about his admission. The Latin student couldn't seem to remember his excuse. He wiped his glasses blew his nose violently, and then! then he remembered.

As they were allowed to pass through the gate, what a cloudy sight met their eyes. It seemed to be a large valley with hills of clouds rising all around them. On the left one saw Miss Taylor's orchestra seated comfortably on a cloud bank playing sweetly on their golden harps something about being brought home. At their head Miss Taylor kept time by the flapping of her wings. Each one found some place to recline on these hills of clouds.

"Abie" Gross looked rather dubious as he entered and began to wonder if they had such things as football stars in Heaven.

Helen Bond was flitting around doing errands for St. Peter.

Nearly all had entered, but St. Peter

noticed a figure coming far down the road. This was none other than Ruthie Burgess. She looked at St. Peter unabashed and said "Well?" St. Peter looked at her and said "Well?" He stroke his long beard thoughtfully and said, "Well——go in."

The old-bearded gate keeper then closed the iron gates with N. H. S. safely inside. Silence! The famous orator John Greene has mounted his cloudy soapbox.

"Pupils, teachers, and Needhamites" we know that whatever he said was eloquently given. We know that on the morrow that the eloquent John will seek a shorter day.

Each traveler was now dozing peacefully. In the morning they would cross the cloudy barrier and find the land of their dreams.

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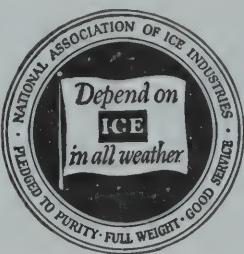
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